The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Republican platform:

The three million surplus in the state treasury to be put at interest for the benefit of the bosses—law or no law.

The legislature having sat all summer without agreeing on an apportionment, it now looks as if there would be no agreement on the question of pay. In that case the people would smile from both corners of their mouths.

New York 30,000 Republican.—Bellefonte *Republican.*

Now why lie to that extent, and make your work of getting religion at the next revival all the heavier?

The greenback vote in this state is 4452—it would have been just 4451 had it not been for the vote of our friend Spigelmyer, at Spring Mills, who will never surrender.

Congressman Dezendorf, of Virginia has cornered Mahone as a base liar in trying to charge that the Democrats had committed outrages to carry the election. Dezendorf is a republican.

A letter from General Wickham will appear in the Richmond *Dispatch* commenting upon the address of Senator Mahone in which he says that nothing short of lunacy would justify such an address and that the wholesale slanders which it contains will doubtless be fully refuted by a statement of figures and facts in the next few days. The statement in the address that the "crack of the Bourbon weapons engaged in political murder resounded and the Bourbon knife sank deep into the county of Hanover," causes him, as the representative of those people in the Senate of Virginia, to announce the falsity of that charge. The letter says that a colored man, a coalitionist, had been murdered in Hanover by a colored Republican; that the Richmond *Whig* had the fairness to decide that it was due to a personal grudge and had no significance whatever, and that William Mahone ought to have known the facts of the case, and asks that if he did not, by what principle of justice did he utter such a slander against the law-abiding people of Hanover without assuring himself of the facts in the case.

The entire official vote of the State has been received, and results as follows:

Niles' total vote	319,106
Taggart's total vote	302,031
Niles' majority	17,075
Livsey's total vote	321,050
Powell's "	300,999
Livsey's majority	20,051

THE OFFICIAL VOTE.

The following, says the *Times*, is the official vote of Pennsylvania, compared with the vote of last year:

1882.		1883.	
Beaver-Stewart, R.	359,332	Livsey, R.	321,050
Pattison, D.	350,771	Powell, D.	300,999
Armstrong, G.	23,484	Marsh, G.	4,431
Pettit, P.	5,196	Howard, P.	6,687

The total vote cast this year is only 633,167. The largest vote ever cast in the State was 872,800 for President in 1880, and the vote cast for Governor last year was 743,803. The vote this year was 239,633 less than the vote of three years ago, and certainly 275,000 less than the legal vote of the state. There was manifest sluggishness on both sides, and even the Democratic victory in Ohio that should have inspired the Democrats and aroused the Republicans, did not make the party voters respond to the call of their leaders.

One notable feature of the returns this year is the diminished Greenback vote. It rose to over 90,000 in 1879 for Chief Justice Agnew, and held up to 23,484 last year for Governor, but now it is down to 4,452, while the prohibition vote is the largest cast since 1875, although it foots up only 6,687.

Next year Pennsylvania will poll over 900,000 votes, and possibly as much as 950,000, and the vote of this year is no criterion by which to judge of the verdict of the State in a national contest that will poll close to a million votes. The difference between the two parties on a fair test is not two per cent. of the vote, and that is easily changed in this progressive age of independent newspapers and universal intelligence. The Democrats can easily blunder and make Pennsylvania iron-clad on the Republican side, but the Republicans can easily blunder and make the State vote for a Democratic candidate for President.

The Pittsburg *Post* is the largest and best Democratic daily in the state, and edited with rare ability. It gives all telegraphic news and is reliable in market reports. The weekly *Post* is equal to any in the country. For terms see prospectus in another column.

Mr. W. F. Sherwood, 12 N. Water st., Philadelphia, Pa., says: I had dyspepsia several years. Brown's Iron Bitters promptly gave me relief.

WHO CARRIED NEW YORK.

We have been asked several times who carried New York, and will answer the question by giving the official majorities:

Mr. Carr (Rep.), who was supported by the brewers, has a majority of 18,247; Alfred C. Chapin (Dem.), for Comptroller, a majority of 16,320, while R. A. Maxwell (Dem.), for Treasurer, has a majority of 16,984, and Dennus O'Brien, for Attorney-General, a majority of 13,050. Mr. Sweet, the Democratic candidate for State Engineer, will have a majority a little over 20,000.

The entire Democratic state ticket was elected, with the exception of Maynard who was secretly cut by the liquor interest.

We hope to see the Democratic House of Representatives at Harrisburg, refrain from voting to pay the members of the Legislature for the time they were not in session. From the time twice-a-week sessions were adopted, the members should only be paid for the days they were at work. The remainder of the time, most, if not all, the members were at home attending to their private business. No work no pay, is a good rule, and it would be well for legislative bodies to observe it.

It is thought the governor will veto the appropriation bills for paying members for the extra session on the ground that the duty for which they were called together was not performed. The members will then perhaps pass the bills over the veto and then grab.

On Friday Senators Arnholt and Upperman created quite a sensation by presenting their resignations to President *pro tem.* Mylin, of the Senate. Their course is explained by the action of the Senate on that day on the House Appropriation bill, to which was attached an amendment lumping the sum to be paid legislators. Arnholt and Upperman have been in attendance at most of the sessions of the Senate. On a pro rata basis they would have received nearly full pay, and such men as Stewart, Cooper and Longnecker, who have frequently been absent, would have received a comcomparatively small sum. Arnholt and Upperman claim that the people will not understand this discrepancy in pay. They are, therefore, in favor of equalizing the pay so that all will receive a like amount.

The resignations are conditional. If the Senate reconsiders its action of that day they will not hold. If the present course is adhered to the resignations will be read in open Senate.

They are both republicans from Allegheny county. The pay question is creating some bad blood among the sit-all-summer fellows at Harrisburg.

Vienna, Nov. 23.—The "Presse" published a recent letter from Major Seckendorf, who was with Hicks Pasha and his 10,000 men when they were annihilated. In the letter Major Seckendorf depicts the misery of the troops owing to the scarcity of water. The Mehdi, he wrote, possessed 14,000 breech loading rifles, fourteen guns and numerous excellent cavalry, and his adherents were possessed of fanaticism and would fearlessly ride to death. Hicks Pasha had 10,000 men, 6,000 camels and many pack horses and mules. The baggage proved a great impediment. The letter concludes as follows: If our cavalry suffices our outpost duty success is possible, otherwise the issue will be very disastrous. If we are defeated not a soul will return and the entire Soudan will be irretrievably lost, since all the natives will believe that the Mahdi is the Messiah.

Trial proves that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

By paying the REPORTER one year in advance and sending us a new name with a year's pay in advance, we will send each the "Chicago Weekly News" free one year as a premium. A splendid chance to get a good western paper free.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

That wonderful musical instrument, the "Organetta" is advertised in this issue. It is the ideal home instrument. You can dance to it; you can sing to it; a mere child can play it; it inculcates a love of music in old and young, and developes and cultivates the ear. The music is perfectly accurate, and the wonderful Organetta will play any tune. At the price, $3 50, it is within the reach of all.

Every old subscriber sending us one year's subscription in advance and a new name with advance pay between now and January 1, '84, we will send the REPORTER 2 months extra and a copy of the "Farmer's Companion & Prize Monthly" one year free. "The Far. Companion" is a large-sized 4-page paper, which will suit our farmer readers. We make this liberal offer in order to induce advance payment and save the expense of a collector. Send us a new name and secure for yourself and the new this double premium. tf

Mr. M. Eikin, Wrightsville, Pa., says: I used Brown's Iron Bitters for loss of appetite and found them excellent, invigorating and refreshing.

It seems certain that Randall will be elected speaker.

There is trouble about the pay for members at Harrisburg. The Senate on Friday killed the bill that provides for pay. The *Patriot* says that on Friday last both houses of the legislature met at ten o'clock and each spent only a brief time in session. After the ordinary routine proceedings in the senate had been discharged the appropriation bill came up on final passage. Mylin, president *pro tem.*, was in the chair, and if he would have been a cautious man the bill would have been adopted or laid over. But he is not cautious and as a consequence instead of one or the other of these alternatives it was defeated. The causes for this result are various. In the first place there were only twenty-nine senators in their seats, just three more than enough to pass the bill if all were of one mind. It transpired that they were not of the same mind, eight of the number having voted against the bill. The reason which impelled these votes were equally diversified. Gordon, Kennedy and one or two others voted against it because they believed the measure contemplates a profligate appropriation. Others cast their votes in the same direction for the reason that the shadow of an executive veto gave them pause and they were fearful that its adoption jeopardized their pay. In the aggregate the result is the same in this: Those who were governed by mercenary considerations will recede at the first opportunity, and scarcely waited until the result was announced until they were preparing for a motion to reconsider. Those who voted for the bill expressed the conviction that they were appropriating pay in conformity with the constitution and act of 1874. The mercenary fellows added to them will be sufficient to procure a reconsideration and the passage of the bill will follow. As the combination of antagonistic forces procured its defeat, the same result will compass an opposite consequence then. In any event, the bill will pass and go to a committee of conference. What such committee will do with it is a question involved in the uncertainty of the future.

A PRACTICAL IDEAL.

We are often apt to say in haste, that business success is achieving by "dumb luck," by accident of birth or family connection, by a fortunate gathering of the fruits of other men's labor and toil. With the careless or unthinking this may pass for truth, but the small modicum of truth within it only intensifies the falsehood. No error equals that which has in it a misleading fact. A half truth is generally the greatest lie. Therefore, thinking men, who have lived long enough to know and judge agree that there is no royal road to success. It comes only by sacrifice of brain and brawn; flesh and blood are the currency that pay for the victory. The best business success is that in which a clear and definite ideal is enshrined, as the axis about which the whole enterprise revolves. The moral side of a business life touches the ideal, but it is not the moral that we are writing now; our thought simply touches what may be the real grandeur of a very commonplace sort of business, and how many men do prosaic things with a broad incentive, how a real scholarship may inspire the management of a common shop, how the large things of the manufacturing and commercial world are the outcome not of a spirit of money-getting alone, but of a combination of ideas of which money accumulation is only a single one.

These are fragments of thought suggested to the mind of the writer by a visit to Oak Hall, the metropolitan and cosmopolitan clothing concern of Wannamaker & Brown. There is only a fragment of our town people—yes, even of frequent visitors there—that have any notion of what the prosaic, almost stupid, business of making and selling clothing for men and boys at retail has in it of large management. Is it not a grand thing to collect from all the woolen manufacturing centers of the world, the stuffs that enter into the clothing of men and boys of a great city like our town? Is it not a grand thing to combine all the talent necessary to turn these things into practical form and make them into clothing? We laugh at tailors, and yet there is real art and deft workmanship in a men's clothing manufactory. Is it not a great thing to reach out, as Oak Hall does, to sixty-thousand men throughout all the land, and bring their clothing making to our city? And clothing means not only coats and trousers and vests, but shirts and neckties and suspenders; that are all the time taking grace and form under the cunning fingers of the Oak Hall people. The grasp and scope of a business that lays its hand upon the telegraph, and pays scores of thousands of dollars yearly to the express, that commands its artisans by brigades and divisions, and draws to our city, from the remote corners of the land, sums of money that in a few short years will count many millions, is not mean nor prosaic, but great and broad and grand. A mere money-getting idea would never realize such a success as this, for all these things referred to here enter into the Oak Hall success. Only the ideal which tempts the impossible, only the liberal ways which harness the pen and the press together and add the pencil as leader to both, could accomplish things like this, and yet this is only one of many great enterprises. Our illustrations prove our point. Young men may well ponder such notions as are set forth here.—Philadelphia Evening Call.

Ruin Wrought in the Forest.

How depressing it is to see acres of trees cut down in the midst of a noble forest. How saddening it is also to see that thin spot in the midst of your otherwise abundant hair. Stop it at once by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam. For actual efficiency this famous article stands at the head of its class. Elegant for the toilet, delicious in odor, and restores the original color to the gray or faded hair. Economical, as a slight, occasional application keeps the hair and scalp in perfect order. oct4t

Threatened Corner in Cotton.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—The indications on the cotton exchange are that an effort will be made to corner December contracts for delivery. Receipts have fallen somewhat; Liveryool's supply is now comparatively small; the recently increased estimates of the extent of the crop caused much selling for the decline, and it is believed that the early months are oversold. The movement is ascribed to two or three leading bull operators. The more distant deliveries remain quiet.

Nothing but Gas.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 24.—Dr. Hostetter and H. Sellers McKee, who virtually control the east end and south side gas companies, have added to their chain of gas corporations, covering Pittsburg and Allegheny city, J. B. Finley's option in the west end gas company. These gentlemen also control the natural gas interest in this vicinity. It is said that their intention is to consolidate all the companies under their control with a capital of $1,500,000.

ONE CENTURY AGO

That the British Evacuated New York.

Elaborate Preparations Made to Celebrate that Event—A Parade Over Six Miles Long.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The arrangements for the great parade on evacuation day are complete, and the organizations that will participate are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the official programme, which has not yet been printed, although the committee having that matter in charge have been at work on it for a week. This morning information was received that the secretary of war had detailed a detachment of battery F, United States artillery, the Hamilton battery, of revolutionary fame, now quartered at Fort Snelling, Minn., to participate in the celebration. The battery is now on its way to this city, and will be assigned a prominent position in the line.

The arrangements for the feeding and quartering of the visiting military companies at Madison Square Garden are also complete. Accommodations are made for caring for at least 5,000 men, although there will not be that number to accept the proffered hospitalities. First class meals of roast joints, vegetables, cakes, pies, coffee, tea, poultry and fruit will be spread on long tables and seats will be provided for every soldier. Besides each man will be furnished with a blanket and an overcoat, which have been loaned for the occasion by the State. No cots or beds will be provided, but those arriving on Sunday night who desire to stay in the Garden over night will be permitted to do so. There will be not less than 1,000 steamboats in the river parade, and Admiral John H. Starin has expressed a fear lest the river should not prove large enough to accommodate them all. It is now thought that it will take at least six hours for this parade.

The decorations on some of the large business houses along Broadway will be gorgeous and costly. The show windows of a clothing house already present a beautiful appearance. One of the windows is fitted up as a large room. The floor is covered with old gold velvet, and at the rear facing the corner is built a raised throne covered with a crimson and blue velvet canopy. Resting on a handsomely trimmed pedastal under this canopy is a life size bust of Washington. The other decorations are very elegant, and the street in front is jammed with admiring spectators. But few of the other houses have begun to decorate to any extent yet, but they are making preparation to do so, some of them on a very elaborate scale. The Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, Leland's, Cumberland, Victoria, Fifth Avenue, Hoffman house, Astor house, and other prominent hotels along the line of march will display a profusion of flags, and the fronts of the buildings will be decorated with the national colors. Altogether Broadway will be likely to present a sight never before witnessed. A well known decorator said this morning that he had received more orders for next Monday than he would be able to fill. His orders were so numerous that he had been obliged to send as far as Boston and Philadelphia for men and materials to assist him.

Elaborate police precautions will be taken to prevent a recurrence of a similar tragedy on the Brooklyn bridge to that which happened on decoration day. The entire bridge police force will be on duty during the day, and will be instructed to allow no loitering. Passengers and vehicles will be kept moving all the time.

A Navy Yard Foreman Charged with Bribery.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 24.—Charles Osborne, an employe at the navy yard for nine years, who, in company with many others, was recently suspended in order to reduce the force, has complained to the officials at Washington that A. A. Woodward, for nine years his foreman, had accepted from him sums of money at regular intervals amounting to $1,300, with the understanding that Osborne should be continued in employment under all circumstances. Acting under instructions from Washington, Naval Constructor Webb has begun an investigation. Woodward declares that the charges are utterly false. It is thought by some that the charges are the result of a conspiracy started by another foreman who dislikes Woodward.

A Terrible Tragedy.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 19.—James Ellis, a wealthy farmer, left home Saturday to attend the hearing of the petition before the county commissioners over a ditch case, the cost of which is estimated at $8,600. As the Baltimore and Ohio train ran into Plymouth Ellis suddenly turned and caught up his son and sprang on the track before the approaching train. Bystanders alone prevented a terrible tragedy. Ellis is now a raving maniac. No cause can be given for his misfortune other than the worriment over the ditch question. He was perfectly sane on leaving home and seemed cheerful, though they all knew he was opposed to the proposed ditch and the heavy assessment which it entailed.

Waiters on Strike.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 24.—Precisely at noon the waiters of the St. Clair hotel undid their aprons, laid down their trays and walked out of the dining room. There were ten in all, and every one with the exception of the head waiter struck. Manager C. P. Bailey gave the following reason for the strike: "For some time past the waiters have been giving double orders; that is, they would order more in the kitchen than the guests would call for and eat the balance of the order themselves. I have known of this for some time, and I issued orders against the double system. I discharged one of them for violating the new order, and at noon the balance of them quit."

They Want the Estate.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—A contest is now going on in the courts here between the wife and other heirs of the late Gov. Swan, of Maryland, about the division of property. Gov. Swan was for a long time separated from his wife, who was Mrs. Thompson, the wife of ex-Senator Thompson, of New Jersey, and a relation of the wife of Hon. S. J. Randall. The contest is likely to be bitter and prolonged as the amount involved is quite large.

DETECTIVES IN THE DARK.

No New Developments in Brookville's Double Tragedy.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Nov. 24.—One of Pinkerton's detectives, J. B. Wood, who worked on the Rose Ambler case, has been sent to Brookville by Austin Corbin, president of the Long Island Railway company. He viewed the ground with Coroner Baylis and talked with the villagers, but has no clue or theory. The detectives seem to be groping in the dark. The tramp Doyle and the crank Brown are held at Long Island City to await further examination. The bondsmen of W. H. Lambertson and wife have been discharged. Mr. Maybee is living at Glen Head with his son in law; his health is good, and he conversed with detectives and others, but does not change his story of the occurrences of last Saturday. He has given the names of several men who have worked for him at different times. There are no new developments. District Attorney Fleming is in consultation with Col. Townsend.

Losses by Fire.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Nov. 24.—Fire destroyed the main building of the Atlantic oil and guano works at Portsmouth, R. I., and some of the other buildings. Loss unknown; insurance, $4,000.

UNIONVILLE, Mo., Nov. 24.—Flames broke out in the isolated house of J. W. Huston, a well to do farmer, while the entire household was in bed. Huston himself barely escaped with his life, and his wife and two children perished, their bodies being found this morning in the ruins.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 24.—A fire broke out in a building on River street occupied by Clemen's soda water bottling establishment, Duryea Manufacturing company and Klein's collar factory. The building was destroyed. The loss on building and contents was $50,000, fully insured. The fire caught from an ash barrel in the collar factory.

The Failures of a Week.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—The business failures of the last seven days throughout the United States and Canada as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., of the mercantile agency, number 247, as compared with 235 last week. Three fifths of these figures occurred in the western, southern and Pacific states, leaving the eastern and middle states rather below the average.

A Police Captain Sent to Jail.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 21.—Ex-Police Captain Sheridan appeared in the city court and by his counsel refused to plead. A demurrer was filed, which his counsel did not agree to. Judge Deming found him guilty of embezzlement and sentenced him to ten days in jail. He then appealed to the next term of the superior court.

Shot Through Carelessness.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 24.—Edwin J. Cook thirty years old, shot himself in the left breast, immediately over the region of the heart, at his father's farmhouse on the Asylum turnpike. The shooting was accidental. Cook and his brother spent a part of the afternoon cleaning their revolvers, and it was while thus engaged that Edwin discharged the ball. He did not know that the revolver which is a small one, was loaded. Cook remained unconscious all the afternoon, but during the evening talked intelligently, and he is believed to be recovering.

A School Girl Robbed of Her Hair.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 24.—As the fourteen year old daughter of Mr. Collins Burrell, a well known citizen, was returning home from school, when near the end of Corne street, a thoroughfare where there is a great deal of passing, she heard some one stealthily approach her. As soon as she realized the fact a man's left hand was placed over her eyes and with his right, in which was a knife, he cut off the whole of her long black hair. Then he threw the hair down and ran away. The police are scouring the town to find him.

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Special rates on Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines, for the Holidays.

This offer for 30 days only.

BUNNELL & AIKENS,

28nov4t Bellefonte, Pa.

Important Railroad Meeting.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 15.—Many prominent railroad officials registered at the various hotels from Pittsburg, Columbus, Chicago and Evansville. These gentlemen represent the "Ohio River Pool," and are here to transact business of great interest to the traveling and mercantile public. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., ex-Gov. J. D. Cox, W. O. Hughart, Henry Pearson and Col. Hayes, of Louisville, form the arbitration committee.

Hanlan at Home.

TORONTO, Can., Nov. 13.—Edward Hanlan has arrived home from his trip to New York and Boston. He will remain a few days in the city and then leave for San Francisco. He is under engagement to give a rowing exhibition there on Thanksgiving day. The champion has heard nothing from the Australian oarsman Laycock, but it is probable that he will pay Australia a visit before returning from the Pacific coast.

No Irish Need Apply.

DUBLIN, Nov. 15.—Mr. T. M. Healy, member of parliament for Monaghan, who is seeking admission to the Irish bar, has been blackballed by the Law Students' Debating society of this city.

Great Excitement in Oil.

OIL CITY, Pa., Nov. 15.—Wild excitement prevailed on 'change at times. Oil opened at 1.16, fluctuated to 21.13¾ in the afternoon, closing at $1.17¾. Sales, 5,927,000.

Beautiful plaids at Garmans. 3

The great bargain cloak sale still going on at the Beehive. 2

—Fresh oysters No. 1 in quality, sweet potatoes, fine oranges and lemons, all the best dried and canned fruits, all kinds of cured meats at the boss grocery of Sechler & Co., in the Bush House block. They keep none but strictly first class goods—guaranteed such—and sell them lower than many other stores do stale and inferior groceries.

Plaid dress goods at Garmans *

seal skin polos at Garmans. *

CLIMBING THE SPIRAL STAIRS.

Invisible Architecture in a New-England Parsonage.

"Yes," she said, "our children are married and gone, and my husband and I sit by our winter fire much as we did before the little ones came to widen the circle. Life is something like a spiral stair case: we are all the time coming around over the spot we started from, only one degree further up the stairs."

"That is a pleasant illustration," remarked her friend, amusingly, gazing into the glowing coals which radiated a pleasant heat from the many window stoves. "You know we cannot stop toiling up the hill, though."

"Surely we cannot, and for myself I don't find fault with that necessity provided the advance in life is not attended with calamity or suffering for I have had my share of that. Not long since my health utterly broke down. My system was full of malaria. My digestion became thoroughly disordered, and my nerves were in a wretched state. I was languid, ate little and that without enjoying it, and had no strength or ambition to perform even my house duties. Medical treatment failed to reach the seat of the trouble. The disease—which seemed to be weakness of all the vital organs—progressed until I had several attacks which my physicians pronounced to be acute congestion of the stomach. The last of these was a desperate struggle and I was given up to die. As the crisis had partially passed, my husband heard of the merits of PARKER'S TONIC as an invigorant in just such cases as mine. I took it and felt its good effects at once. It appeared to pervade my body, as though the blessing of a new life had come to me. Taking no other medicine I continued to improve, and now I am in better health than I have been for a long time."

[Extract from interview with the wife of Rev. ——— Perry, pastor of Baptist church, Coldbrook, Mass. nov4t

DROWNED IN BEER.

Concerning this Popular Beverage Two Men Express their Minds.

"The fact is sir, and you may stick a pin there, that the people of this country are likely to be drowned in a flood of lager beer," shouted an enthusiastic tectoteer the other day into the ear of our earnest correspondent. That German drink has struck us hard. It is a second deluge."

"Yes, and the worst of this beer-drinking business is that it gets up kidney troubles, as a heavy wind raises the waves," added a city physician who had a knowledge of the times and a tendency to metaphor. "The midnight 'schooner' leaves behind it a wake of furred tongues, headaches, torpid livers, nausea, and all that, and lays the foundation of Bright's Disease."

This melancholy fact accounts in part for the increasing sales of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER, which at once mitigates these symptoms. Price 25 cents.

Ask your physician about it.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemist, N.Y. nov4t

Velvets and velvet ribbon at Garmans.

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MINE!

[London Athenæum.]

In the tranced hush when sound sank awed to rest,
Ere from her spirit's rose-red, rose sweet gate
Came forth to me her royal word of fate,
Did she sigh "Yes," and droop upon my breast;
While round our rapture, dumb, fixed, unexpressed
By the seized senses, did there fluctuate
The plaintive surges of our mortal state,
Tempering the poignant ecstasy too blest.

Do I wake into a dream, or have we twain,
Lured by soft wiles to some unconscious crime,
Dared joys forbid to man? O Light Supreme,
Upon our brows transfiguring glory rain,
Nor let the sword of Thy just angel gleam
On two who entered Heaven before their time!

"His Folks."

Emily Hayes in The Household.

It was a pleasant room into which the summer winds brought the fragrance of new mown hay and the sweetness of the mignonette which bordered the walks in the shady, old-fashioned gardens without.

At the windows a net-work of morning-glory vines, brilliant with their blossoms of violet, pink and white, shut out the morning sun which, although it was so early in the day, was uncomfortably warm.

Everything was at its best save the feelings of the pretty dark-haired woman who sat by the breakfast table looking so thoroughly miserable that it would have moved any spectator to mingled pity and curiosity. She had been married but a year and had been very happy until lately. She had as she said, "notions of her own," among which, one of the most prominent was, that no house was ever yet large enough to accommodate a wife and her husband's mother, and now, not only her husband's mother but a sister, too, was coming to interfere with all her rules, and find fault with all her arrangements. She had never seen any of her husband's people; at the time of her marriage his mother and sister were in California with his elder brother's family on account of the sister's health. Now that she was well again they longed for home, and as Harry had the homestead what were they to do but come there?

Letty stormed and resisted, but Harry was firm. She did not deny that she was cross and disagreeable. How could she be anything else with such a trial in store? How could she be expected to like people who made trouble between Harry and herself even before they came? What it would be afterward, she could not bear to think, but she knew that "her good days were done." Why, if they must come to the old home, couldn't she and Harry have a new one? She had nearly had a downright quarrel with her husband on this point.

"Neither mother nor Kate would ever come into the house if it was to drive us out, and it is their home, too, as well as ours. Wait till you see them, and don't be so unreasonable."

She should see them soon enough! Only this morning they had received a telegram to the effect that the travelers would arrive that afternoon, and Harry was to meet them at the "Junction," some twenty miles distant, so she could not see him again before they came, as he would take an early dinner down town in order to catch the train. It was growing late in the morning, too, and she had not yet washed her breakfast dishes. She supposed she should be all the morning doing them by and by when she had so many to wash, not considering how long she had sat at the breakfast table commiserating herself.

She had gone to the parlor bookcase and found the old photograph album, and taken another look at the faded copy from an old picture which was all Harry had of his mother; while Kate's photograph was just horrid, though Harry did say it did not look the least bit like her; but she got little consolation from the survey. There was one comfort though, she thought as she shut the clasp with a spiteful little snap and put the book down behind a row of art journals, they couldn't look much worse than their pictures, with a little sigh, for she was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. They didn't look a bit like her handsome Harry, and he—feeling a little hurt at her indifference to his family—had said little about them, rather a cross to the affectionate, generous-hearted young man to whom mother and Kate were almost superhuman.

Mrs. Bryant, her nearest neighbor, had sympathized with Letty from the beginning. "Will brought his mother to live with us when we were married, and I declare I should have died if her youngest daughter had not married and wanted mother to live with her. I told Will all she wanted of her was to do the work, for Maria had always taught school and knew nothing of housekeeping, but I pitied her husband! Wasn't I abused though, in those three years? Mother was a strong, well woman, and yet she had every disease ever known to humanity, and was always complaining; never quite so happy as when she had six or seven kinds of medicine steeping on the kitchen stove and scenting the house all over. You can't stand it, Letty, and I wouldn't if I were you. Mrs. Parker says you will never get along with them and I should let Harry know it in the beginning."

So it had gone from bad to worse, Letty listening to the history of the dreadful trials with "his folks" which had been the experience of her acquaintances, and was dealt out to her by unsparing tongues, and daily grew more and more opposed to the double infliction which threatened her.

The day wore on, and although she was anything but reconciled to existing circumstances, still she was too good a housekeeper to allow any one to find house or table lacking in any particular, and when at 5 o'clock she heard the whistle of the approaching train and knew they would soon be here, she gave a hasty glance at the reflection of the pretty dark face and soft muslin dress which met her in the mirror, and passed into the dining-room to give some finishing touches to the inviting table which looked as though it needed nothing.

Half an hour afterward she stood in the hall to welcome the dreaded guests. Was this the invalid old maid who rushed up the steps and caught her in her arms before Harry had time to lift mother down. This tall, handsome girl, with Harry's fair hair and brown eyes, who looked no older than she, and who gave her the demonstrative greeting of a school-girl. And then she was in mother's arms, and one of the sweetest voices she ever heard called her "daughter," and she burst into a passion of tears, and Harry, man-like, went out and shut the door, muttering something about "helping Tom with the trunks." but with a feeling of peace and happiness he had not known for a long time.

When they were all collected a little, and were sitting around the little supper table, Kate asked: "What did you think we were going to look like? I've laughed till I cried, and mother has, too, over the photographs Harry has of us. We would not send him any other—I wouldn't, mother wanted to send some, but those were such horrid things I thought it was best to be on the safe side, and sure of looking as well as we were expected to, though I never take well."

Harry laughed. "If you could have seen Letty's face when I told her you looked very much like me, you would have been amused. I told her repeatedly, but she thought it must be brotherly delusion."

Letty said but little. In her impulsive way she had gone as far to the other extreme, and gazed with delight at Kate's lovely face and mother's, scarcely less lovely, with its soft brown eyes and wavy silvery hair.

The days sped like a pleasant dream. The old fancy work and the old music which had lain idle so long, came out of the closet where it had been banished, and made the little parlor cozy and pleasant. Letty and Kate practiced duets and sang together, Kate having a rich, contralto voice which harmonized well with Letty's sweet, though rather weak soprano.

The housework was as nothing with three to do it. The washing and ironing were given to a woman whom Letty at first employed, but whom she dismissed because Mrs. Bryant did her own washing and advised Letty to do the same or "his folks" would think her extravagant. But mother was indignant until she found that Harry knew nothing of the change, and then she talked to Letty about it, and the result was that much of the other work was given up too.

"You can afford it," she said, "and then there are those who depend upon such work for a living, and it is not right to withhold it from them. Then, too, my dear, I should hire all my plain sewing done. There are plenty of steps for you to take, plenty of little things to do if you employ all the help you can in these things. My idea is that we should give ourselves every chance to keep well and strong, and able to enjoy the many things given us to enjoy."

So Letty listened amazed, and followed the sensible advice, which after the first feeling of intrusion was passed, was freely given and as freely asked.

Mrs. Bryant and the other neighbors looked on in astonishment. "They couldn't see how she did it, nor how they all got on so comfortably. She was opposed enough to it in the beginning." But what was said outside troubled our little family very little.

One evening when Harry was detained in town by some business, Letty confessed to her two listeners how she had dreaded to have them come, and how she had been talked to about mothers-in-law in general, and then Kate, laughing, told her how she, too, had detested her when she thought how her pet brother, for whom she had always promised to keep house, had given her place to some one dearer.

"But when I saw the anxious look on your face when we drove up to the gate that night, it all came back to me, what mother always said. "She probably feels as sensitive about meeting you," and I felt as if I couldn't love you enough. Now I would not have Harry single again for anything, would you, Letty?" with a mischievous smile, and Letty was fain to confess that she would have nothing changed.

The Wonderful Glossograph.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Vienna electrical exhibition is Gentilli's glossograph, a little instrument by which speech is automatically reproduced as soon as it is uttered. A small apparatus is placed in the mouth of the speaker—in contact with the roof of his mouth, his tongue and lips—and on being connected with an electro-magnetic registering apparatus the sounds are committed to paper. It is constructed in such a manner as not to cause any inconvenience to the speaker; neither is it necessary that the voice should be raised, as it reproduces a whisper as exactly as a shout; the only condition is a correct and distinct articulation. According to the inventor's calculation, it will be possible to write four or five times as fast by means of the glossograph as has heretofore been possible even by the quickest writer.

At first sight it appears as if this invention were but an improvement upon Edison's phonograph; it is, however, of a much older date. It rests, unlike the former, on an acoustic principle, and does not produce the sounds in a microscopic form. The chief obstacle to the introduction of the glossograph will be the difficulty in deciphering the characters, but it is not impossible that with the help of a second automatic apparatus, the characters produced by the glossograph may be translated into our common type-writing. The orthography would doubtless appear strange, but in these days of phonetic spelling this might not long be a hindrance.

American school books are said to be the best in the world.

"OUR OLD MAMMY."

Car Drivers' Care for an Old Woman Because She Liked 'Em All.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"What's that for?" asked a Free Press man, as he saw a car driver on Woodward avenue take a nickel from his pocket and pass it into the fare box.

"For her."

"What her?"

The car stopped and the driver got down with a "Good morning, mammy," and assisted an old woman of 70 to enter the car.

"Did you pay for her?'

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill ——?"

"Yes."

"Well, two years ago he was one of the toughest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled, and had all the other vices lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree. He was getting so bad on his car, that another week would have bounced him, but something happened."

"What?"

"He was coming up one evening, half-drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport street he lurched over the dash-board. He caught and was dragged, and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand and the brake with the other, and looking down upon Bill she called out:

"Oh! Lord! help me to save him! He's a wicked young man and not fit to die!"

"Well, she stopped that car and held to the horse until some one came along and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'poor boy' and 'my son' and thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, and it was a solemn warning. From that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."

"And the old woman?"

"She lives away out, along with a daughter. Many's the dollar Bill has sent after her since that night in the way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after awhile, and we've sort of adopted her as 'Our Old Mammy.' We help her on and off, pay her nickel out of our own pockets, and when the car isn't too full we have a minute's chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. It's a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."

"Yes. Did she ever talk to you?"

"Did she? She sat right there on that stool one day two months ago and said:

"'My son, let drink alone! It robs the pocket, cheats the brain, and leaves you friendless! Don't swear! Oaths go with a vicious soul! Keep your temper. The man who can't control his temper is no better than a caged wolf!'"

"She said that with her blue eyes reading my soul and her old voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart and lodged there. She's had something to say to most of the boys, and I reckon each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy, and maybe you'll believe with some of us that Providence had a hand in it."

A Wonderful Dream.

[New York Times.]

A correspondent in a foreign scientific contemporary tells this story about dreaming: "In the summer of 1822, when an undergraduate of Trinity college, Cambridge, I was permitted to reside in college rooms during the summer long vacation. As fires were not wanted in our sitting-rooms it was customary for each resident's bed maker or other officer to carry his water kettle for breakfast and tea to the college kitchen and bring it back with water boiling. On one occasion I had overslept my usual hour, and I dreamed a dream. I was at the gate of a country farmyard well known to me, and there came a long procession of horses, asses, oxen, hogs, sheep, and all the animals usually to be found in a farmyard, followed by a north country drover with his plaid crossed over his shoulders, who walked up to me and said: 'Sir, I have brought your cattle.' In an instant I perceived and actually heard (so intimately were the auditory sounds and the intellectual interpretation intermixed) that my bed maker was at my chamber door calling to me: 'Sir, I have brought your kettle.' The hearing had been confused; there had been no reasoning; but there had been instantaneous vigor of creative imagination."

The Verbiage of the Courts.

[New York Tribune.]

"I was in court a few days ago," said a time-worn litigant, "when a young lawyer, arguing before Judge Joseph Barnard, read from one of the papers in the case including the usual verbiage. The judge suggested a briefer statement of the point, probably believing, with the judge of the supreme court in the anecdote, that justices may be presumed to know something of the forms of law. The young man then stated his point in plain and condensed English. The idea then struck me, when would it be possible to relieve the law of all the flummery of verbiage now employed.

"In actual proceedings before a magistrate this verbiage is discarded as absolutely unnecessary in argument; yet it is religiously maintained in all matters of pleading and in all orders, injunctions, etc., granted by the courts. Half the delays grow out of the use of verbiage. Half the quibbles out of which some unscrupulous lawyers make their living are based upon this needless use of unnecessary words." A lawyer who was present could give him no encouragement to look for a speedy reform; on the contrary, he irreverently said that the verbiage of the law was as necessary to the existence of the lawyers as the flummery of some religions was to the success of its advocates and ministers.

HOME AND FARM.

Farmers Should Know the Breeds.

Farmers who have not familiarized themselves with the breeds of sheep should bear in mind that they are behind the buyers, who can tell at a few moments' examination exactly what kind of a sheep from which the wool was sheared, and its fitness for the purpose for which it is desired. The buyers know the breeds, the kind of wool peculiar to each breed, and all about them, for it is "business." A farmer would sneer at a carpenter who professed to be a carpenter and yet who could not do a piece of work in that line; and yet we venture to say there are hundreds of farmers who profess to be farmers, and who would be insulted if their knowledge of their business were questioned, but who, at the same time, cannot tell as much about the products of the farm as many of those who know nothing of farm life. There are hundreds of farmers who are not able to distinguish breeds of sheep and who do not know the particular purpose for which a breed is most suitable, and still they pride themselves on their calling as a business which they intend to make profitable. If such farmers could but be brought to a realization of the fact that they are really deficient in knowledge, it would be to their interests to do so. Every year we witness the shipment of the products of the farm to market where the buyer fixes the grade, although he has no experience on the farm. Farmers as a class are not business-like, for they rely too much upon the judgment of others. It is not intended to imply that they should not seek the advice of others, but when the farmer surrenders everything to hard work, we insist that he should begin to educate himself in every possible way in order to improve his chances.

Farm Notes.

A well-trained shepherd dog will drive cattle or sheep better than a boy.

"Farm and Garden" says an acre will produce five or six times the amount of strawberries it will wheat.

Isabella, Catawba and Clinton grapes are said to keep well when packed in single layers in shallow boxes, about two inches in depth.

The smallest pony known is the pet of the Baroness Burdett Coutts-Bartlett. The pony stands only thirteen inches high, and is five years of age.

Pumpkins, turnips, beets, potatoes and carrots should be sliced when fed to stock, which prevents choking, as danger sometimes occurs when whole or chopped pieces are fed.

Skim-milk, fed with a little oil meal and oats, was found excellent when fed to calves at the Wisconsin Experiment Station. The young animals were kept healthy and growing, but not fat.

November is a good time to set cutting of grape vines. Plant them in a dry mellow soil at an angle of seventy-five degrees, pack the soil against them, and when the ground freezes cover with a course litter for protection.

Prof. W. J. Beal, in the "Gardeners Monthly," gives some curious eccentricities peculiar to plants. Roots grown in the damp air in the dark will often coil, sometimes two or more of them. If a piece of gummed paper be placed on one side of the root tip it becomes unusally excited and begins to coil away from the paper, sometimes tying itself into a knot, and often succeeds in rubbing off the paper. Roots generally turn downward, though not always.

An acre of clover, states Spirit of the Farm, will make 5000 pounds of hay, containing 282 pounds of mineral matter, or ash. In this ash will be found about 97 pounds potash, 96 pounds lime, 34 pounds magnesia, 28 pounds phosphoric acid, and 108 pounds nitrogen. In two and a half tons of clover hay, or in an acre of clover sod containing the same chemical material, there will be enough phosphoric acid for a crop of 34 bushels of wheat, nitrogen for 71 bushels, potash for 102 bushels, magnesia for 120 bushels, and lime for 270 bushels. In other words, the clover hay or sod contains enough phosphoric acid for more than double an average crop of wheat, nitrogen for four crops, and potash for six crops. Every farmer should study these figures.

Cooking Recipes.

Fruit Cake: One cup of butter, three and a half cups of brown sugar, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, three eggs, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, raisins, citron and spice to taste, Sour milk and soda can be used in place of sweet milk and baking powder.

Doughnuts: Three eggs well beaten one and one-half cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter or lard, one and one-half cups of milk, sweet or sour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder or one of soda.

Peach Meringue: Put on to boil one quart of milk, omitting half a cup with which to moisten two tablespoonfuls of corn starch; stir in the boiling milk until thick, then remove from the fire; add one tablespoonful of butter. When cool beat in the yolks of three eggs till the mixture is light and creamy; then add half a cup of powdered sugar, cover the bottom of a well-buttered baking dish with two or three layers of ripe juicy peaches pared, halved, and stoned. Sprinkle over them three tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour over them the custard and bake twenty minutes, then spread with the well-beaten whites of the eggs sweetened. Return to oven till a light brown.

Pumpkin and Apple Pies: Make the pie with an upper and under crust. Take pumpkin after it has been stewed (it must be a little finer then when it is used alone for pumpkin pies), chop an equal quantity of sour cooking apples, add to the pumpkin and sweeten; use nutmeg for flavoring.

Mutton Soup: Boil a piece of mutton weighing five pounds four hours; then add two cupfuls of rice that has been soaked in water. When the rice and meat have cooked an hour beat an egg and a tablespoonful of flour together and stir into a half pint of milk. our into the soup and stir constantly. Season with salt, pepper and parsley.

FOR THE LADIES.

French dressmakers pad the hips of new dresses for women of slight figures.

Cabbage bows, otherwise rosettes of velvet ribbon trim autumn bonnets, hats and dresses.

Loose, pointed jackets and plaited blouse bodices will be worn in wool dresses made as during the summer.

Jackets, mantles, dolmans, visites, and circles, small caps and scarfs, make up the varied importations of fall and winter outer garments.

Plaid or striped skirts, with tunics to match and a tailor-made coat of cloth or a woven Jersey, will be the regulation dress for school girls this winter.

Natty cutaway jackets with checked waistcoats, are worn with plain skirts of dark wool, with a simple hem, and gathered into the waistband or plaited alike all around.

Surah chemisettes made with very full gathers or close plaitings, fill up the front of cashmere dresses in square plastron shape just below the neck, or they extend to the point of the dress below the waist.

Vandyked flounces bound with velvet or with satin ribbon are used to trim the skirts of new woolen and silken dresses.

One of the prettiest new wraps, to be made ensuite or of silk, has the short shoulder seam and the sleeve rounded from it to the front in dolman shape, while the one centre seam fits the back. The sleeve may be laid in tiny plaits on the top of the arm, nearly to the elbow, or it may be a half coat sleeve, or it may be an angel sleeve with the tight sleeve under. The back is in tabs from below the waist line, where it is filled in with plaitings of the material, silk or satin. Four yards of silk are required for the jacket, or one and one quarter of wide cloth.

Children's Fashions.

Elastic cloth is popularly made into serviceable costumes for children, and nothing could be imagined better adapted to the strain which a child's incessant movement puts upon its clothing. It is in solid colors, webbed like a stocking, and lies close when not stretched. It is an English "wear-resisting" material, and puts boys and girls in possession of a material which, if not held in by stiff lining, is perfectly adapted to their uses. But it is very hard to persuade the ordinary seamstress and dressmaker not to use linings. They are so accustomed to making a lining a substitute for proper underwear that they do not see how it can be dispensed with, nor their customers either. But, indeed, if children are properly dressed and clothing properly made there is little necessity for linings.

The "Effie" skirt and "box-plaited" waist compose a pretty costume in dark blue or garnet, moss-green or brown for girls that demands nothing in the way of trimming but a velvet belt and rosette of narrow velvet ribbon to fasten the tablier of the skirt. The cloaks are for school wear, except the first which is pretty in red, blue or white wool with lace or ribbon trimmings, for any purpose whatever. The "Nanor" cloak has hood and cape; the "Gisela" raglan, hood and gathered sleeves, easily slipped over the hand, and very pretty made in dark blue or green and lined with dark red, hood included. The "Linda" dress is for solid wool trimmed with several rows of narrow braid, and derives all its style from its simplicity and from its softness of material and color. Black braid should be used upon all dark colors, or gold braid upon cream, or cream and gold mixed upon white. Pretty contrasts may be obtained by making the collar red (or black upon shepherd's check) and facing the band turned up on the skirt with a color to match. The mixed and broken checks are well adapted to this design.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

"Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laugh of a child." I love God and little children," was the simple but sublime sentiment of Richter.—Sigourney.

There is no use for money equal to that of beneficence; here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours when it ceases to be in our possession.—Mackenzie.

To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights business is an entertainment; for which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, "No thanks to him. If he had no business he would have nothing to do."—Steele.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

He is happy whose circumstances suits his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—Hume.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin forces its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwelleth there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.—Watts.

There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation, and when a man hath run through a set of vanities in the declension of his age, he knows not what to do with himself if he cannot think.—Blount.

The hightest point outward thing can bring unto, is the contentment of the mind, with which no estate can be poor; without which all estates would be miserable.—Sir Philip Sidney.

A willing heart adds feather to his keel,
And makes the clown a winged Mercury.
—[Joanna Baillie.

When our hatred is too keen it places us beneath those we hate.—La Rochefoucauld.

Sage tea, or any other beverage made of herbs, should be made in an earthen vessel, and never in tin, as it will turn black unless immediately emptied out, and it may do so even then.

Money, in Tonquin, is made of lead. A lady going shopping is followed by a coolie, who carries her purse and perspires.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A faux pas—her father.

Panekiller—a snow-ball.

Too thin—fall overcoats.

Companions in arms—twins.

The woman's cause—because.

Far-in-affair—artesian wells.

Belles of the bawl—girl babies.

Remarkably fine board—sawdust.

Superior court—sparking a rich girl.

Pressed for money—a suit of clothes.

The coming man—the procrastinator.

Straight from the shoulder—the sleeve.

A dose of salts—several sailors sleeping.

When you see a glass of water—goblet.

Out of sight, out of mind—a blind lunatic.

Invisible blew—the wind.

Through thick and thin—a Boston east wind.

Men of note are at a discount with the bankers.

The wrong man in the write place—the inefficient clerk.

Canals can't be free, there are locks and quays upon them.

The riches which always takes to themselves wings—ostriches.

The mosquito's auger is an appropriation bill.

There are plenty of stops to a hand organ, but no permanent one.

"This is a new wrinkle," as the maiden said, on consulting the mirror.

The father makes hay, while the son shines behind a dry-goods counter.

A man named Tarr has stuck a $50,000 libel suit on the S. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is hard to back a horse or a business man when he is overloaded.

That is a bad era which has Egypt in its grip—the cholera.

A Texas man lived with three wives under one roof. He was arrested for disturbing the peace.

What room would one expect to find in a castle in the air? "A brown study," to be sure.

Couples court before they are married, and they must also go to court before they are divorced.

What there is in a name—Mr. Thinne is the President of the Boston Fat Men's Club.

Rural performers on brass instruments were, twenty years ago, country-bands of war.

It isn't a great way to the cat's nose but it's fur to the end of its tail.

Emerson said: "There is always room for a man of force." He had probably met Sullivan in a crowd.

"I am the power behind the throne," soliloquized the mule, as he pitched his rider heels over head to the ground.

Pigeons are now employed in smuggling diamonds, the gems being fastened under the birds' wings.

The wild flowers having faded, swarms of bees are infesting the candy shops in Sherman, Texas.

There is talk of lynching a man who evolved this toast: "Our fire engines, may they be like old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

"No," said the eloping woman, "there isn't the least likelihood that my husband will discover our whereabouts. He's a New York detective."

Quite frightful—Nihilism is not the worst evil of Russia, The women are said to be addicted to china painting.

Aunt Linda—"Fo, de life o' me, chile, can't magin why yo'se so little." Winnie—"What a' dicklus question. I was b'on little—dat's why."

A glass worker can make $175 per month, and if he works a glass in another direction he can loose all he can make and all he can borrow.—Fayette

"Know anything about the life of the West," said Mr. Stone. "I should say I do! I was tarred and feathered twice in Missouri, and rode on a rail in Kansas.

Old gent—"Ah Mrs. B., did you keep a diary during your visit to that country?" Mrs. B. indignantly—"No, sir, I didn't. The family bought milk from the neighbors."

The English alphabet is tolerably virtuous. Twenty of the letters has never been in prison. Yes but look what a lot of them are now in penitentiary.

We havn't time to build a conundrum to-day, but here is the answer to the one we would construct if we had the leisure, viz. "One is a poor singer, and the other is Singapore."

A young man having asked a girl if he might go home with her from singing class, and been refused said: "You're as full of airs as a music box." "Perhaps so," she retorted, "but if I am I don't go with a crank."

Bankers and musicians are both men of note, and both, when confronted with notes, first examine the signature. I got this from the musical editor, so I suppose it's all right, though I can't see the point myself.

"Yes" said a fashionable lady, "I think Mary has a very good match. I heard her husband is one of the shrewdest and most unprincipled lawyers in the profession, and, of course, he can afford to gratify her wish."

"Statira Jane," said a fond mother, the other morning, to her daughter, "did Daniel Johnson kiss you on the step last night?" "No mamma, he did not." If the fond parent had said month instead of steps it would have troubled Jane to reply; although, after all, steps are things to a door.

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Georgia, lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gits a whippin' for going to a ball."

False to His First Love.

There were not a few people in the circle of Beatrice Latham's friends who shook their heads doubtfully when the news was announced of her engagement to Mr. Robert Headley, lieutenant in her majesty's service, after an acquaintance of only three weeks. It was easy to talk about love at first sight, to assert that in this brief space of time they had reached a degree of intimacy which many happily married people had failed to achieve in three years, to point out that his antecedents were as completely satisfactory as his presence, which no one denied to be singularly straightforward and winning. In spite of all plausibilities, two sets of cavillers remained—those men and girls, namely, who were jealous either of him or her, and those few older people who had some actual or personal experience of untoward possibilities in love affairs. Besides, in this case the shortness of the acquaintance was not the only hazardous circumstance of the engagement. Only a few days later, Headley and Capt. Erskine (the friend at whose house he had been staying, and who had introduced him to the Lathams) sailed for India, and Beatrice was left to live on the memory of a month's surpassing happiness and to wait patiently for the return of her lover. The girl's trust in him was absolute. She had, as it were, been taken by storm, for in the unreserved ardor of Headley's wooing she did not perceive the want of depth, and the absence of self-restraint, in his nature, but only an entire devotion to herself, which made her brim over with delight and responsive affection. Thus her passionate belief in his loyalty enabled her to face the weary years of separation with a marvelous courage, which served to increase the respect and admiration already accorded her as one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls in the wide district of Kersham. Capt. Erskine, who was an old playfellow of the Lathams, regarded her as a little less of an angel than her sister Connie, and when, at the final leave-taking, she appealed to him to stand by Headley through thick and thin, he registered a silent vow that his promise given in return should not be an idle one.

For more than a year Beatrice had never a moment's anxiety. Headley was well and happy, and his frequent letters breathed the same ardent affection that she had learnt to believe in from his lips. When, however, the report of difficulties in Afghanistan was followed by the news that both Headley and Erskine had been ordered to the front, it was no wonder that she should be sorely tried by the fears and uncertainties of the long campaign. Letters reached her only at long intervals, and were usually so short and hurried as to give her an increased sense of the hard work, the insecurity, the stir and turmoil with which her lover was surrounded. She bore up bravely by dint of constantly impressing upon herself the necessity of fortitude in a soldier's bride, but her great love made confidence and composure very hard sometimes. Then at last one day a letter came which dissipated all her fears and filled her with joyful anticipations. Connie, who was in the room when it arrived, noticed the start she gave and the light that flashed into her face as she read, and asked, smiling:

"Well, dear, what is the news?"

Beatrice rose and impulsively flung her arms around her sister's neck.

"Oh, Connie!" she cried, "Rob is coming home!"

"Not really, Bee!"

"Yes, really," repeated Beatrice, half sobbing with excitement and gladness; "I suppose I ought to be sorry, for he has been wounded; but he says it is nothing to speak of, only just enough to get leave for—and I can think of nothing but seeing him again. He and Richard Erskine were side by side and both got hurt. They sail this month—how long does it take? Connie, Connie, he will be here in a few weeks!"

"Hush, Beatrice, you mustn't excite yourself," said Connie reprovingly; but her own heart was beating now at the thought of Erskine's return, and she added nervously, "I hope Richard's wound is only slight, too."

"Oh, yes," said Beatrice, laughing and kissing her, "they will both be nearly well by the time they reach England. And Rob has got his captaincy—isn't that splendid?"

The girl grew gradually more composed, but she could not sober down altogether, and every day that brought the vessel bearing Headley nearer home seemed to add to the brightness of her eyes and the indescribably happy light-heartedness of her manner. Headley sent a letter overland whenever they touched at a port, and in the last one, from Gibraltar, he wrote that he hoped to be with her on the following Sunday, but she must not wonder if he were delayed a day or two; he would telegraph the moment he landed.

To the impatient girl the intervening days passed with almost intolerable dilatoriness. They were so long, so hot, so still, so full of a summer drowsiness out of all sympathy with the highly strung state of her emotions. She could not wait quietly; unless every hour was filled up by some active occupation she fretted and chafed against the unhasting leisureliness of time, and wore herself out with restless longing for Headley's coming.

On the Saturday the Lathams took part in a large nutting party, and it was a general comment that no one stood the heat so well, or worked with such unflagging perseverance, as Beatrice. As the shadows lengthened, one couple stole off for a stroll, and Beatrice, turning round to toss a bunch of nuts into the basket held by Connie, remarked with a smile:

"I suppose I must not call those two to task for idleness, considering how soon I shall stand in need of indulgence myself. Only think, Con, within four-and-twenty hours Rob will probably be here!"

Beatrice gave a little excited cry, for Dick was Capt. Erskine, and there was no reason why Headley should be later than his friend.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "Rob means to surprise me. Good-by, all of you—I am off home. Just think if he should come and find me out!"

The others laughed at her frank impetuosity, but she was quite indifferent to their merriment, and with a quick nod and wave of the hand sped away home.

The house was quiet and empty, and she fidgeted about from room to room in a state of feverish suspense. Should she go and change her dress? No, perhaps she might not have time; besides, she had none that suited her better than the simple sateen she was wearing. Then the anxiety to be found pleasing in her lover's sight brought her to a standstill before the mirror, and she scrutinized herself carefully and critically. Would he think her looking older or plainer, she wondered. She turned away at last in doubt, for it was difficult to judge of herself. She need not have feared, for she never looked prettier or sweeter than now, when happy expectation was breathing a bright flush over her cheeks, and her eyes were shining with a light kindled by the purest love and faith.

Presently, as she could not sit idle, she called for a jug of water and some vases, and began arranging the bunch of ferns and wild flowers she had gathered in the woods. First the loveliest and most fragrant were chosen out and tenderly made into a little bouquet for Headley, and she had not done much more than this when the sound of the visitors' bell fell upon her listening ears. A moment later the servant announced—

"Captain" (Beatrice's breath came and went quickly, and she caught hold of a chair to prevent herself from darting forward) "Erskine."

"You, Richard!" stammered Beatrice, all the tensions of her face slackening; "I thought—I thought—I am very glad to see you—I—I hope you are quite well."

Captain Erskine had never been a talkative or ready-witted man, and now he found himself in a predicament worse than any he had encountered in the Afghan campaign. Beatrice's ill-concealed disappointment and feeble attempt at a cordial reception might have struck him as comical had he not come with a previous knowledge of something which rendered it intensely pathetic.

"I am quite well, thank you," he said awkwardly. "Is Mrs. Latham at home? I should like to see her."

"She is in the wood—so is everybody except me. Please sit down and tell me all the news. Is Capt. Headley well?"

"Yes," said Erskine; and then there was a pause, during which Beatrice became nervously aware that something was wrong.

"You are telling me the truth?" she said, uneasily, and Erskine again said, "Yes, yes."

"Then what is it?" asked Beatrice.

"I would rather tell Mrs. Latham," said Erskine.

"Is it anything about Robert," demanded Beatrice, quickly.

"Yes, but I cannot speak to you about it. It is bad news—painful news."

"In what way? Why are you silent, Richard? Do you mean that it is discreditable to Robert?"

Erskine bowed his head, and the poor girl, in mingled indignation and distress, entreated him to keep nothing from her.

"If there is harm to be told of Rob, I would rather you should tell me," she said, touchingly unsuspicious of what the harm might be; "I can forgive him anything, but I could not bear the others to know."

"You do not understand, Beatrice," said the poor captain.

"How can I while you won't speak out!" exclaimed the girl restlessly.

"When did you last hear from Headley?" asked Erskine, to gain time.

"From Gibraltar."

"And there was nothing in the letter to make you suspect anything wrong?"

"No."

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated Erskine, under his breath; but Beatrice heard it, and quick as thought started to her feet and turned upon him.

"How dare you! Ah, for pity's sake don't look at me like that! You are torturing me—put me out of my misery—tell me the worst at once!"

The wild alarm in her face was too much for Erskine, and he blurted out the truth—

"Headley was married this morning, almost immediately we landed."

The room swam round Beatrice, and with a long, choking sigh of anguish she swayed and staggered back against the mantelpiece. A crash followed, for the hand she had stretched out vaguely for support struck the specimen-glass into which she had put her little bouquet for Robert, and it fell shivering to atoms on the floor. Beatrice, perceiving in the accident a significant sequel to Erskine's words, felt as though her heart must break with the glass, yet the shock of cold water dashed over her probably saved her from fainting, for she instinctively laid her cold, wet hand across her dizzy brow and eyes. Erskine, too, in despair seized the jug of water on the table and made her drink some out of the flower-vase.

"I am all right now," she said faintly. "Go on. I must know more."

At this moment the sound of voices at the bottom of the garden indicated the return of the nutting party, and Beatrice quivered from head to foot.

"Oh, I cannot face them all!" she exclaimed, wildly. "Just one word, Richard—how do you know this?"

"I was told of it; then I met him and he confessed it."

The girl looked into his face for one glimmer of doubt, but there was nothing to be read in it save the deepest compassion, and bowing her head hopelessly she fled to her room.

Erskine's meeting with Connie was robbed of all sweetness by the miserable news he had to communicate, and he suffered the more acutely, because, in a measure, he felt himself answerable for his friend. Not only had he introduced him to the Lathams, but his promise to Beatrice had quickened his sense of responsibility.

Headley's was a pitiful case of weak impressibility. While the war lasted he had not been tempted to forget Beatrice, but when on the voyage home he was thrown into constant companionship with a girl who simply made up her mind from the first to bring him to her feet, his fidelity wavered and at last broke down altogether. Erskine was powerless, for no sooner did he show himself distinctly antagonistic to her schemes, than Miss Laing so contrived that he could not suspect the extent to which she carried on her designs behind his back. Throughout, Headley was conscious and ashamed of his baseness, and whenever opportunities occurred of sending letters overland, he wrote to Beatrice in terms of unchanged devotion. It was so difficult to confess his perfidy in black and white.

"What a villain I am," he thought, with his pen between his teeth, on the occasion of his writing from Gibraltar, "to sit down and humbug Beatrice while I'm making love to another girl!"

Then he drew out Beatrice's photograph and her last letter, and dwelt alternately on the sweet sincere face and on the loving words till his sense of honor was momentarily aroused. "No, no! I'm not scoundrel enough to desert a girl like that. She shall never know what I've been up to. I won't speak to that little witch again—I swear I won't." In which excess of virtuous resolve he penned that last loyal letter to Beatrice, which she had treasured and delighted in. For the next few hours Miss Laing found him difficult to manage, but her tenacity was greater than his power of resistance, and by the time they reached England his infatuation rendered him a helpless tool in her hands. Well aware that unless the marriage took place clandestinely and at once, it probably never would, she prevailed upon him to go through the ceremony without a moment's delay. It is needless to say more, except perhaps that Headley's transgression carried its punishment along with it. He suffered bitterly.

As for the Lathams, Connie is Erskine's wife now, and Beatrice, after a long period of suffering as keen as love was absorbing, is at length regaining something of her former self. She is not the same—no woman who has loved and been so cruelly betrayed can ever be that—but though deep in her heart one scar of unforgotten bitterness remains, the changing interests that enter into every life, however quiet, have done their kindly work and blunted the edge of painful memory.

Stealing a Grave.

[Washington Cor. Boston Traveler.]

The regiment in the Army of the Cumberland known as the Indiana Jayhawkers was about as proficient as any that we had, but the Eighth Missouri, which was commanded by Gen. Morgan L. Smith, certainly beat anything I ever met. They would steal anything, and it did not make any difference whether they had any use for it or not. When we were in front of Vicksburg they actually stole a grave, and it happened in this way: The Eighth Missouri was encamped alongside of my command. One of our men died during the night, and I gave orders that a detail be sent to dig a grave. The ground was of hard clay, and it took the men some time to complete their work. They returned to camp, and we took the dead soldier to his last resting place. When we arrived we found the grave filled and a mound showing that some one had evidently been there. Upon investigation I afterward ascertained that one of the Eighth Missouri had also died during the night, and that they had waited until my men had finished their work, when they quietly took possession and actually stole our grave. Steal! Why, those men would steal anything—even a march on the enemy, and candor compels me to say that they were particularly good at it.

A Real German Dude.

[Heidelberg Letter in Baltimore American.]

Walking in the garden we saw a dude. Such a one, a regular German watering-place dude! He was dressed in black, with trousers that fitted like wax, but hung in great folds at regular intervals down the legs. His coat was of remarkable cut, and his vest white. His hair was parted in the middle and brushed in great waves at the side. In the depression rested a tiny black hat, which sat on the side as far as the waves of the hair allowed. On the right lappel of his coat was tied—not pinned—a great bunch of flowers, which hung in a regular cascade over his entire right side. His collar and cuffs were broad, and of black and white stripes, while his eyebrows and mustache were touched up in the noblest style. To complete the toilet he had a black and white handkerchief thrust between the second and third buttons of his coat, and in his kid-gloved hand he carried a cane.

Church Wealth.

["Mahlstick" in Courier-Journal.]

The wealth of the Roman Catholic church in this country is simply enormous. All Europe combined could not, in the whole period of the middle ages, show such possessions held in "mortmain." The church buys land on the outskirts of a growing town, and in the march of time this property not unfrequently becomes the geographical and financial centre of the community. Their property grows like a rolling snow-ball, for the owner never dies, and has, as a rule, brains and judgment requisite for its management. It is as if John Jacob Astor had been born to live forever, and without children.

An Author's Way.

Mr. W. D. Howells is quoted as saying he always keeps his manuscript six or seven months ahead of the time for publication. His nervous disposition makes it impossible for him to furnish matter at short notice.

Oleomargarine's Origin.

[Chicago Times.]

During the seige of Paris it became necessary to find a substitute for butter. Experiments resulted in the production of the substance known as oleomargarine.

"Yes, I'm a cop, and I've several little copies," remarked the policeman.

Miss M. E. Braddon has written forty-one novels.

A FUNERAL ON THE CONGO.

An Unlooked-For Expression of Feeling From an Old African Chief.

[Cor. London News.]

Seeing their perplexity Lieut. Orban volunteered to fire off a round of twenty cartridges from his "Winchester." The chief and people were delighted. Could there be greater honor for the deceased than to receive his farewell salute at the hands of a white man, with his wonderful gun from Mquto—the mysterious region beyond the sea—the Unknown—perhaps Heaven itself? (for are not these white men sons of Heaven?) So thought the old chief as he led us to see the corpse. With an earnest, pleading tone he took our hands in his and said: "O you, who are going home!" and he pointed to the pale and peaceful evening sky. "You will send him back to us, will you not? You will tell him his hut is waiting for him, his wives will prepare his manioc white as cotton cloth, and there shall be Malafu in plenty and a goat killed? You will send him back, will you not?"

This expression of feeling quite took us by surprise. Ordinarily the African is so stolid, so thoroughly material, that one never expects from him anything like sentiment or poetic ideas. We tried as gently as possible—for he appealed to both of us in his distress—to explain at once our utter inability to reanimate this hideous corpse with the breath of life and to encourage him with vague hopes that all was not in vain, but he shook his aged, grizzled head sadly at the confession of our powerlessness face to face with death.

The dead man had been placed in his grave in a sitting posture, many layers of native cloth lying under him, and ready to cover him up on the top were piles of cotton stuffs, received in trade from the far off coast, and representing to these natives a considerable amount of wealth. In the vague, half-determined notions which the people here have conceived as to a future existence, everything in the spirit world is supposed to be a pale copy of things existing on the earth, so that for this eason they put cloth, vessels of pottery, and, in the case of a chief, dead slaves into the graves, in order that the deceased on arriving in the land of shades may not appear unprovided with the necessary means of making a fresh start in a new life. The grave in which this man was buried had been dug in a hut, and the head of the corpse was not much more than two feet below the surface. We could not ascertain whether the hut, or rather house—for it was a substantial building of poles and thatch—would be abandoned or not. I fancy not, as it is only in the case of a chief that this is done; and the man that was dead, although rich and influential, was, after all, only the favorite slave of the chief.

What Does History Teach?

[Elevated Railway Journal.]

It is not our intention to decry the study of history, if we really have anything worthy of the name. We recognize it as one of the ornamental branches necessary to a "finished education." But what is its comparative practical value? To what real account can one young man in a million turn his knowledge of Pompey's battles, Cæsar's conquests, the triumphs of Alexander, or the brilliant victories of Napoleon, admitting that he is familiar with all that has ever been written concerning them? What lessons of practical wisdom can the girl derive from studying the lives of Dido, Cleopatra, Elizabeth or Catharine, as they are presented by the ancient or modern historian? We do not apprehend any danger from too much attention being given to this branch of study by the youth of either sex, whether it is as the elder Walpole thought, "nothing but lies," or as Macauley defined it, "philosophy teaching by example." It is a great deal more extolled than read, and much more commended than studied, and it is likely so to continue.

Dangers of Tobogganning.

The Louisville Commercial's reporter got an interview with the city solicitor of Toronto at the exposition. The solicitor said: "Tobogganning is great sport. My friend Smith had a valuable horse that once made a mile in ten seconds on a toboggan. The animal lost its sight, however, the frost needles having cut its eyes out of its head as it flew down hill. The horse had incautiously strayed to a toboggan hill in the night, and had accidently stepped on one of the slippery things, and away he went. There was a slender, long-necked boy who was the most skillful tobogganer in western Canada; but he met with a painful accident that winter that put a stop to his favorite sport forever. As he was going down hill one afternoon he carelessly turned his face to one side, and the wind twisted his whole head square round, so that the eyes looked down the back of his neck, and, lingering for several years in a retrospective way, he died insane—his brain was turned.

A Question of Freedom.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"I fought for your freedom," said a gentleman whom a negro policeman was conducting to the lock-up.

"You needn't try ter fight fur yourn, cap'n, fur if yer does I'll hit yer."

"Ain't you got no respect for a man who helped to free you?"

"I ain't steadyin' 'bout dat, cap'n. Ef yer had enuff sense to fight fur my freedom yer aughter hab enuff ter 'habe yerse'f airter I'se freed. Doan pull back dat way. I'll gin yer a lick fust thing yer know dat'll ring so loud dat de fire engines will come out. Yer own freedom seems ter bodder yer much more den mine."

Went to the Shop.

[Paris Letter.]

The china toilet set of the late Adelaide Neilson, every piece painted with her monogram, encircled with wreaths of roses, formed for a long time the chief ornament of a bric-a-brac shop on the Rue du 4 Septembre, in Paris.

Arkansaw Traveler: A pusson what ain't got no mussy fur a animal ain't got none fur a man, an' is only kep' from beatin' a man 'case he's a coward.

THE HAT BOY'S FACULTY.

Never Forgetting Which Hat of a Hundred Goes with Which Face of Five Score.

[New York Sun.]

There is a special line of work required from hotel employes, which needs the exercise of extraordinary powers of memory. The "hat boy" who succeeds in the metropolitan hotel in filling his place acceptably is sure of a berth for life. In all large hotels of the city the hats of the guests are likely to be left before any meal in a room adjoining the dining-room, and they are left in charge of the hat boy.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all hat boys in New York is an attenuated little man who has charge of the hats of the guests of the Fifth Avenue hotel. He is small and wiry, and seldom seems to take his eyes from the racks which line the ante-room on either side. When he takes a visitor's hat he glances at his face carelessly, and puts the hat on one of the several racks. When the man comes out of the dining-room, an hour later, the boy picks out his hat, without a moment's hesitation, and hands it to him. Often he has from 300 to 400 hats in his racks at one time, and in the course of six years he has never been known to make a mistake. The hats look very much alike, and it is a mystery to the majority of diners how he remembers their faces and their hats at the same time.

The attendant was asked a night or two ago how it was his memory served him in so many cases, and he said:

"I don't know. It seems to come natural."

"Do you pick out any particular feature of the wearer's face by which you fix him in your memory?"

"Oh, no; that would never do. I remember the face itself. I look along the rack and I seem to see the face that fits every hat, and when a man comes out I go to the hat that is associated with his face naturally. It doesn't make any difference whether the man has his hat on when he comes in or not. He hands it to me and I look at his face, and somehow I cannot forget it. The gentlemen of the house often try to fool me, but they have never succeeded in catching me in a blunder. For instance, sometimes two of them will come in looking somewhat alike and wearing hats that are exactly the same pattern. One of them hands me the two hats. When they come out I give each man his hat separately. I never give the wrong hat to the wrong man, although I had no positive proof which man owns the particular hat.

"Time Table" of the Yellowstone Park Geysers.

[Laramie Boomerang.]

Through the kindness of Mr. Owen we are furnished with the following facts regarding the principal ones, giving time and duration of eruption and height to which the water is carried:

Old Faithful, plays every hour from three to five minutes; height of column, seventy-five to 180 feet.

Beehive, plays every seven to twenty-five hours from three to eighteen minutes; height of column, 200 to 219 feet.

Giantess, every fourteen days for twelve hours; height of column, 250 feet.

Saw Mill, very frequent from one and three quarters to three hours; height of column, from fifteen to twenty feet.

Grand, every sixteen to thirty-one hours from ten to twenty minutes; height of column, ninety to 200 feet.

Turban, plays every fifteen minutes from fifteen seconds to five minutes; height of column, twenty-five feet.

Castle, plays every forty-eight hours for thirty minutes; height of column, 100 feet.

Giant, plays once in every four days from one and one-half to thirty hours; height of column, 130 to over 200 feet.

Oblong, once or twice daily for six minutes; height of column, fifty to sixty feet.

Splendid, plays about every three hours from four to ten minutes; height of column, 200 feet.

Grotto, plays several times daily for thirty minutes; height of column, twenty to sixty feet.

Riverside, plays three times daily from ten to thirteen minutes; height of column, about sixty feet.

Where Will Power Tells.

[Cor. Saginaw (Mich.) Courier.]

I am satisfied that in the case of gun shot wounds, in many instances, much depends upon the character of the person suffering, ofttimes from almost mortal wounds. Men of large self-discipline, with strong will and stubborn pride, will not surrender life without a struggle, and will withhold the sacrifice in the face of the grim conqueror of all. Those who have, in the drama of war, played parts in the comedy of life as well as the tragedy of death, will bear me witness that there are wills fate can not shake. On the other hand, I have seen, and doubtless so have others who have given the subject attention, those who have yielded up the palm of life with scarcely a struggle.

"Stonewall's" Order to Mahone.

An ex-Confederate surgeon relates in The Cleveland Leader that during the war, while a terrible thunder-storm was raging, "Stonewall" Jackson ordered Gen. Mahone to charge the Union forces. Then, tired out, Jackson lay down under a tree and fell asleep. Soon he was aroused by one of Mahone's aids, who said: "General, I am sent by Gen. Mahone for orders. He says the rain has wet the ammunition of his troops, and wants to know whether he shall return." Replied Jackson: "Ask Gen. Mahone if the rain which God sends to wet his ammunition will not also wet that of the enemy. Tell him to charge them with cold steel." Mahone made the charge.

The Last Stone Gone.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The last stone of the Tuileries has been removed, and naught but the name now remains of the famous historical palace of the Bourbons. The Germans, after their victory in 1870, held high revel there, and then the commune destroyed the building.

Addison: Friendship improves our happiness and abates misery by doubling our joy and dividing our grief.

THE FRIEND.

[Mary Clemmer.]

Be thou my friend. I want no lover now;
For love, man's love, is selfish overmuch.
The dear caress, the glance, the tone, the touch,
The all in all he claims in overflow,
Or standeth injured. All the friend's deep glow
Is for his friend; and in the rack and rush
We call the world, nothing I need, as such
A friend. Thy faithful hand's swift blow

Beats back the world—its questioning doubt.
What balsam to my heart thy faith doth yield!
Lo! in my friend I bide, on him I lean,
As one assaulted, on a steadfast shield.
No dread attack can put my trust to rout;
The past is all as if it had not been.

Where the Singing Canaries Hail From.

[Chicago Herald Interview.]

"Almost all the singing canaries in the world come from the Hartz mountains, in central Germany," continued the bird fancier. "As canaries acquire their singing qualities, and are not born with them, and as for various reasons it would hardly pay in America to raise and drill canaries the way they do it over there, it is quite natural that this peculiar industry is confined to a mountainous portion of Germany, where the soil is barren and where for more than a century generation after generation has used this as a means to increase their income, rather than to depend on it solely. American-bred birds, for want of proper training and tuition, are hardly ever good singers. The best breed of canaries come from St. Andreasberg, a village in the Hartz. A practiced ear can immediately detect a bird of that breed from among the others. We haven't got this season's lot yet, and we shall not have them until the end of November. They keep all the young birds over there until they are able to sing perfectly, which happens every year about this time. These St. Andreasberg canaries are higher in price than any, but they are worth the difference. They have such sweet, low gurgling notes, such liquid trolls and tender, pretty snatches of song in their littlet hroats as no other birds. Who, do you say? Why, because there in St. Andreasberg they have methods of their own and are in possession of some little secrets in canary culture that other places do not possess. As a consequence the song of their birds is not only different, but they have actually a wider vocal range. Of course, this is all with a difference, too. Some canaries of this breed are not as good as others, and the same is true of all the Hartz birds.

"Perhaps you are not aware of the modus operandi pursued in the Hartz in teaching the canaries to sing. They have what is known as the regular 'bird organ'—a small box shaped like an ordinary organ and turned by a crank mechanically. On this tunes are played right early in the morning, and then again just before dusk in the evening, and during this school time no other birds are allowed to be within hearing of them. By and by the birds pick up single notes and then snatches of song and mold them in their own little heads into something new and canary-like. Some more tricks and lessons are made use of, and some of the Hartz fanciers and breeders are better at this than others, and their birds bring better prices."

Artemus Ward's Programme.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

We have before us a relic of Artemus Ward. It is one of the programmes of his "Among the Mormons" entertainment, dated Sandusky, May 8 (probably 1864). We copy a few specimens: "The music on the grand piano will comprise, 'Dear mother I have come home to die by request,'" etc. "Washoe, the land of silver—good quarters to be found there. Playful population, fond of high-low jack and homicide." "Heber C. Kimball's Harem—Mr. Kimball is a kind husband and numerous father." "Selections from the Grand Piano—Mr. Forrester once boarded in the same street with Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it." Those of the audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him often, at his fine new house

After fifteen or twenty minutes had passed Carleton began humming the air abstractedly while the others talked on. But Braham's ear caught the strain. "What's that you're humming?" he asked. "Some old air," said Carleton. "Sing it again," said Braham. Carleton did so, words and all. "Why," said Williams, "yes, that's a song of mine; I composed it over twenty years ago." "Am I crazy?" asked Braham. "That is certainly the air I composed this morning," and he took the music out of his pocket and went over it. "Note for note," said Williams. "Well," said Braham, "I assure you it was unconscious cerebration. I swear I never saw the music before to my knowledge. This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

By this time there was a twinkle in the eyes of Williams and Carleton. It soon became a loud laugh, and they adjourned to the next bar at Mr. Braham's expense.

Educated by the Newspaper.

[New York Herald.]

A member of a manufacturing firm that employs 500 men told the senate committee yesterday that the knowledge he possessed he got by reading the newspapers, and not from books, and that by reading the papers he kept himself informed on the literature and current events of the day. Thousands of other prominent business men would make the same acknowledgment if questioned on the subject. The tendency of all literature is toward expansion, so the most industrious reader of books can scarcely in a lifetime become well informed; newspapers, on the contrary, condense nearly everything into as few words as possible. Were a student to attempt to give the political, social, religious and literary history of the world for a day he might do it in far more elegant style than the newspapers, but his story would occupy the reader's time for at least a week. The newspaper is the true American university.

Stanley has been elected "Father and Mother" of the Congo country by the dark complexioned inhabitants.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., Nov. 28, 1883.

A Debate on Mormonism.

WILBUR, Neb., Nov. 14.—Intense interest is shown in a debate on the modern phases of Mormonism, as discussed here by two able representative men, Rev. Clark Braden, author of "Ingersoll Unmasked," and Bishop Kelly, a Mormon champion. A large number of ministers are present from abroad taking notes. The subject now under discussion is that the book of Mormon is a revelation from God, and entitled to the respect and belief of all religious people. The debate will continue an entire week. Kelly is a forcible, plausible speaker, and carries the audience with him, until Braden, who is a sound logician, shows up the absurd fallacies of his opponent's arguments.

Scientists in Session.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 14.—The National Academy of Sciences, incorporated by act of congress in 1863, and which has for its objects the advancement of science, met here, about fifty members being present. Prof. O. C. Marsh, of Yale college, called the meeting to order at 11.30 A. M., and Prof. A. Graham Bell read a paper on the marriage of deaf mutes. The report of the committee on the eclipse of the sun at the Caroline Islands, May 6, was then read.

Fighting a Big Monopoly.

JOLIET, Ill., Nov. 14.—The announcement is made here that all the manufacturers of barbed wire in this city will shortly remove their factories to Missouri and other western points within the jurisdiction of Judge Treat, whose recent decision in St. Louis, declaring the Washburn patents invalid, protects all the manufacturers there from interference and the payment of a royalty. This will result in throwing out between 500 and 1,000 workmen.

The election for the rectorship of the Glasgow University resulted as follows:—Postmaster General Fawcett 797, Marquis of Bute 670, John Ruskin 391.

Gov. Ludlow has ordered a special election for Dec. 18 in the second assembly district of Bergen county, N. J., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Assemblyman elect Doremus.

Saturday, November 17.

There were 235 business failures in the United States this week against 215 last week.

John Smith, colored, was hung at Oakland, Md., for the murder of Josiah Harden, also colored, on the 15th of last May.

Garth Wilkinson James, a brother of Henry James, Jr., the novelist, died from Bright's disease at Milwaukee, aged 38 years.

Michael Hanson died in Lewiston, Me., aged 107 years. He was a native of Ireland and had been there over fifty years.

At the session of the Garlington court of inquiry the time was occupied in discussing the supplemental orders.

Jay Gould arrived in Chicago yesterday with R. S. Hays, A. L. Hopkins, and H. M. Hodge, over the Wabash system.

The Madison, Wis., building commission has decided to suspend work on the capitol and make a complete change in the architects plan.

The works of the Chicago rolling mill company were shut down last evening owing to the depression of the market, and the last of their 2,500 employes discharged.

Cheapest store in town—Garmans. 3

PSALMS.

[REVISED.]

HEAR this, all ye people, and give ear all ye invalids of the world, Hop Bitters will make you well and to rejoice.

2. It shall cure all people and put sickness and suffering under foot.

3. Be thou not afraid when your family is sick or you have Bright's disease or Liver Complaint, for Hop Bitters will cure you.

4. Both low and high, rich and poor, know the value of Hop Bitters for bilious, nervous and Rheumatic complaints.

5. Cleanse me with Hop Bitters and I shal have robust and blooming health.

6. Add disease upon disease and let the worst come, I am safe if I use Hop Bitters.

7. For my life have I been plagued with sickness and sores, and not until a year ago was I cured, by Hop Bitters.

8. He that keepeth his bones from aching from Rheumatism and Neuralgia, with Hop Bitters, doeth wisely.

9. Though thou hast sores, pimples, freckles, salt rheum, erysipelas, blood poisoning, yet Hop Bitters will remove them all.

10. What woman is there, feeble and sick from female complaints, who desireth health and useth Hop Bitters and is made well.

11. Let us not neglect to use Hop Bitters bringing on serious Kidney and Liver complaints.

12. Keep thy tongue from being furred, thy blood pure, and thy stomach from indigestion by using Hop Bitters.

13. All my pains and aches and disease go like chaff before the wind when I use Hop Bitters.

14. Mark the man who was nearly dead and given up by the doctors after using Hop Bitters and becometh well.

15. Cease from worrying about nervousness, general debility, and urinary trouble, for Hop Bitters will restore you.

How Watch Cases are Made.

Most persons have an ambition to carry a gold watch case, and yet few people know how a watch case is made, or the vast difference in the quality of them. In a SOLID GOLD WATCH CASE, aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the metal is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply strength. The surplus is not only needless, but undesirable, because gold is a soft metal and cannot furnish the stiffness, strength and elasticity necessary to make the case permanently strong and close-fitting. The *perfect* watch case must combine gold with some metal that will supply that in which the gold is deficient. This has been accomplished by the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* TRADE MARK which saves the WASTE of *needless* gold, and INCREASES the SOLIDITY and STRENGTH of the case, and at the same time *reduces* the cost ONE HALF.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be continued.*) 1

THE PATENT OFFICE.

Hon. Ben Butterworth gives some Information in Regard to it.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Hon. Ben Butterworth, the new commissioner of patents, is quietly learning the duties and making himself familiar with the regulations of his office. He says that he does not contemplate any changes in the regulations of the patent office except such as time and experience may suggest as being needful. In response to a question as to whether or not he thought it possible for unscrupulous patent attorneys to commit frauds similar to those alleged to have occurred in the cases of certain pension attorneys, Mr. Butterworth expressed the opinion that it was possible that attorneys, practicing before the office, could take advantage of their clients in some such way as that said to have taken place in pension cases; there is no evidence that any such frauds are being perpetrated. Complaints sometimes come from clients respecting their attorneys, and now and then a revocation of the powers of attorney is asked because of a belief that the attorney in the case is not dealing honestly with his client. In such cases the commissioner will accede to the request of the client, but will not use his complaint in any way to affect the professional standing of the attorney, because it would be manifestly unfair to do otherwise until the attorney could be given a hearing and all the testimony in the case heard. The commissioner, a day or two ago, received an anonymous letter making complaint that drawings submitted in a case were frequently rejected, and charging that the examiner, who thus rejected the drawings, did so that he might obtain the fee prescribed for furnishing the proper drawings. This idea, the commissioner says, is erroneous. The examiner never gets such a fee. Whenever new drawings are deemed necessary and ordered by the examiner the fee assessed upon the inventor goes into the public treasury to the credit of the patent office.

O'DONNELL'S TRIAL.

His American Citizenship Proved—Gen. Pryor's Defense.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—Justice George Denman, of the court of Queen's bench, will probably preside at the trial of O'Donnell for the murder of Carey. The preparations for O'Donnell's defense are well advanced. Mr. Roger A. Pryor had a long and satisfactory interview with the prisoner yesterday, the first that he has obtained since his arrival in London. Mr. McInerney, of O'Donnell's counsel, has brought from Ireland a mass of evidence, and he feels confident that the verdict of the jury in O'Donnell's case will not be that of willful murder. The witnesses from the Cape of Good Hope are expected to arrive in England on Saturday next. Mr. William J. Hoppin, secretary of the American legation, in the absence of Minister Lowell, has visited O'Donnell and formally ascertained the fact of his American citizenship. The prison rules have heretofore prevented Mr. Pryor from seeing O'Donnell without the permission of the home department. Mr. Guy, solicitor for O'Donnell, recently wrote to Sir William Harcourt, home secretary, asking permission for Mr. Pryor to visit his client. Sir William Harcourt replied that Mr. Pryor must make a personal application, in which he must state the grounds for his request. Mr. Pryor accordingly made the required application, stating as the sole ground therefor that he, being of the counsel for the prisoner, deemed it expedient for the defense that he should see him. The home department thereupon granted the request. Mr. Pryor was afforded every facility by the officials at Newgate prison for the interview with the prisoner, which lasted two and a half hours.

CARTER HARRISON ENRAGED.

A Wordy Encounter in the Chicago Common Council.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—During a late session of the common council the charge was made by various aldermen that the mayor and comptroller had made no attempt to collect the $10,000 which had been assessed against the Exposition company for its occupancy of the lake front. Several of the speakers intimated that Mayor Harrison had been a party to various discreditable measures contrary to the best interests of the city. The mayor, who was in the chair, finally said: "Enough of these attacks upon the comptroller and myself. It is well known that I have tried to collect this money and could not. I told Alderman Colvin so." "You did not," replied Alderman Colvin, emphatically. "I did, and you know it," rejoined the mayor, "You are only trying to get your hands into their pockets," he said to Alderman Colvin, in conclusion. "Yours have been there already," replied Alderman Colvin. The mayor made no direct reply to this assault, but went on to declare that the failure to collect the fund in question was owing directly to the inaction of the council.

The Dwight Insurance Case.

NORWICH, N. Y., Nov. 14.—The case of Annie Dwight, executrix of the late Col. Dalton Dwight, against the Germania Insurance company, was again on trial here. In 1873 Col. Dwight, an ex-mayor of Binghampton, took out life insurance policies in seventeen different companies, the total of his insurance being $300,000. A very short time after this he died, and the companies demanded an autopsy. They sent a lot of medical experts to assist at the examination of the body, all of whom agreed that he died of gastric fever. Four months later the companies had the body exhumed and another examination made. Two of the companies were then satisfied that there was no crookedness and paid their policies. The remaining fifteen went into a pool and are now contesting the case in the name of the Germania company. It cannot be learned what the defense will be, but it is rumored that they will allege suicide, while some say that proofs of murder will be produced. It is thought that a decision will be reached this week.

Thirty Men Injured.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 14.—A special to The Evening Herald from Clyde says that as the West Shore worktrain was on its way to Savannah, three of the box cars, loaded with workmen, were thrown from the track when two miles out of Clyde and hurled down an embankment of thirty feet. The cars were badly wrecked and about thirty of the men were injured by having limbs broken or skulls fractured. One man was thrown under the train and terribly mutilated. He cannot live. The wounded were taken to Savannah to be cared for. The accident was caused by a defective journal. A Savannah dispatch says the injured are John Barrian, John Lawler, Thomas Burns, Edward Brennan, Michael Callegan "Hut" Rogers, Peter Furril and James Fardo. No bones are broken and all will probably recover. There were none killed.

Hogs Abroad.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—Inquiries have been made from America as to whether it was true as reported in trade circles there that the French government had removed the embargo against American hog products. Neither the local papers nor the news agencies can find any ground for the statement that this has been done, and inquiries directed to Paris fail to confirm it.

Cheapest store in Bellefonte—Garmans.

A good handkerchief for 6 cts. at Garmans. 3

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.

J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French, and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also our confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Address, plainly, Novelty Art Co., Clinton & Co., 47 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

WANTED BOOK Canvassers.

MALE and FEMALE!

To engage in the sale of our new and important family work, "Popular Medical Science." We offer a position of immense selling qualities. Wide-awake men and women, of good address and unexceptional character, can secure permanent and profitable business. Address The CINCINNATI PUBLISHING CO., 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

V-S-C-O-L.

WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

Remnants of laces and trimmings from ½ to 3 yards at 10 cents each.

Job lot of buttons at 10c per dozen.

Gents hose 5c per pair. Ladies hose in stripes and solid colors at 9c, 3 pairs for 25 cents.

Gent's undersacra 24, 30 to 50 cts and upwards.

Ladie's skirts from 47c up.

Imitation of India shawls at $1.40, can't be told from one costing $3.00.

A good traveling satchel $1.

Pocket handkerchiefs from 4c up.

Bed spreads at 98 cents. Horse blankets at 98c. Prints 5 cents per yard. Plum black, garnet and brown dress goods at 8c per yard. Goods in other departments equally as cheap. Some special bargains in glass and queensware. Goblets 55c per dozen; pretty glass sets 38c. Groceries—just weights and fresh goods—at the very lowest prices. Granulated sugar 10c per pound. Valencia raisins and fine Turkey prunes, 3 pounds for 25 cents. New buck-wheat flour at 98 cents in ⅛ sacks.

We have all goods we advertise.

Highest price paid for produce.

VALENTINE'S STORE CO., LIM.,

General Merchan's,

Bellefonte, Penn's.

D. & R.

DINGES & REARICK, CENTRE HALL.

Penns Valley Bargain Store.

Our line of Zephyrs and yarns is very full and complete.

An assortment of fine ladies' Jersey waists are selling fast—see them before they are all.

Our line of men's, ladies, misses and children's hose is unsurpassed—a big bargain in misses all wool, at 25c.

Examine our line of ladie's and gent's underwear.

We have 24 dozen of one kind of gent's white, all wool, shirts and drawers that we offer at 60 cents. See them and you will buy.

We only mention these few things from our complete stock.

1Dec3m DINGES & REARICK.

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO.

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.

136 Men's Fine Wool Hats.....65 to 75 cents, elsewhere $1 25
136 Men's Finest Fur Hats.....1 25, worth 2 00 to 3 00.
Some very Fine Hats among them.
136 pair Men's Dress Shoes.....$1 00, elsewhere $1 75
136 " " Sewed shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
136 " " Sewed Working Shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackening.....85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes...1 50 worth 2 50
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes.....1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet Walking shoes	75c	elsewhere	$1 50
" " " " "	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Cloth Langtry Walking Shoe	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes	75c	"	1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties	50c	"	1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 60
" four button Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 25
Lace Morocco Fine " "	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Newport Ties	75c	"	1 25
Patent Leather Tip	90c	"	1 60
Child's Yellow Slippers	15c	"	50
" " Button Shoes	45c	"	85
" Basket "	45c	"	90
" Lace Shoe	30c	"	50
" Button Shoe	40 & 45c	"	60
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button	40c	"	65
" " Spring Heel	49c	"	65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price	2 00	now	75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers	65c	elsewhere	1 25
Ladies Leather slippers	50c	"	75
Misses' button shoes	75 & 85c	"	1 25
Ladies "	1 00 & 125	"	1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed	1 25	"	2 00
" fine lace shoes	90c	"	1 50
Misses fine button shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine button shoes	75c	"	1 50
Men's plain lace shoes	1 00	"	1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Men's spring bottom black Pants	75c	elsewhere	1 50
" black Pants	75c	"	1 50
" light Cassimere all wool Pants	1 25	"	2 00
" " " "	2 00	"	4 00
" black all wool Diagonal	2 00	"	4 00
" " "	3 00	"	4 50
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants	3 50	"	6 00
" ⅝ wool pants gray mixed	00		
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us			5 for 1 50 to 2 00

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL.

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.

We Are Overstocked.

10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50. 16 dollar suit down to 12 50.
8½ dollar suit down to 5½. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6½.
A few black Diagonal Suits at 4 dollars that is just half price. A few nearly all wool black Diagonal 5 dollars, elsewhere 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal Suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army Blue, very fine 10 dollars, elsewhere 13 dollars.

Boys' and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit	1 50	elsewhere	3 00
A very fine blue " "	2 00	"	4 50
A very fine blue " "	3 50	"	6 00
Children's Suits, good quality	1 75	"	2 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years	2 00	"	4 50
Boys' suits, " " " all wool	2 50	"	5 00
Boys' suits, " " " "	3 50	"	5 50

DRESS GOODS. SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE HALF PRICE

Fine Cheviot shirting	8c elsewhere 12
Dress Plaids	8, 10, 12 elsewhere 12½ to 20
Bed Spreads at one-half	38, 50, 60, 75 " 75, 90, 1 00, 1 25
Another lot Brocaded Satteens	16c elsewhere 30
Another lot Brocaded Sateens	12½c elsewhere 30
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet	12½ old price 35

One Lot of Embroideries, about 1,500 Yards, at One-Half Price.

The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices:

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40

One Lot of Crape Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, old price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are One-Half of Other's Prices. Sash Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

Child's regular made Hose..... 6 pair for 25c
One lot of all Silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon...25c a yd. actual value 75 & 1 00
Child's and Misses Hose..... 4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 10c

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

june 28 LYON & CO.

WOLF & SON

AT THE OLD STAND

CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

NONE FINER IN THIS COUNTY.

FROM THE MOST STYLISH DRESS GOODS DOWN TO ANYTHING COMMONLY KEPT BY A GENERAL STORE AND AT BIG BARGAINS.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.

Dealer In

DRUGS, PRUGS
CHEMICALS
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kep

NEW DRUG STORE

AT SPRING MILLS, PA.,

Situated in the North-east Corner of the SPRING MILLS HOUSE.

DRUGS, SPICES and PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds.

TOILET ARTICLES and FANCY GOODS.

Also TOBACCO & SEGARS, and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.

Spectacles a Specialty.

Being an apothecary of experience prescriptions will be accurately compounded.

C. E AURAND, *Druggist*,

sep 27y *Spring Mills, Pa.*

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.

G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.

Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.

Free Buss to and from all trains.

Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw ud and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgabonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower

ALEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office in Garman's new building.

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.

after April 1st will open in the Durst building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 8mar1

MARK TWAIN'S LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, A NEW BOOK. Agents Wanted. Write for Terms. CHARLES L. WEBSTER, 658 Broadway, N. Y.

USE KREIDER'S EXTRA PURE NEW FAMILY KILN-DRIED CORN-MEAL. For Sale by GROCERY AND PROVISION DEALERS. ITS QUALITY CAN NOT BE EXCELLED. TRY IT TO PROVE THAT.

Circular to the trade, mailed free on application by postal card. Address, JOHN G. KREIDER, Milton Grove, Pa. 7nov3m

Estray.—A horse with saddle and bridle, came to the premises of the undersigned, several weeks ago. The horse is a bay about 6 years old, right hind foot white. Owner is requested to come for his property and pay cos'.

23aug3m JAS. R. WOLF, Rebersburg

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,

On L. & T. R. R.

FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery, Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor

SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA. may1

BUSH HOUSE.

W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.

The travelling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial. 28june tf

IRVIN HOUSE,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.

Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

DR. G. W. KLINE.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Potters Mills, Pa.

All calls, day and night, promptly attended to. Has had several years successful practice. h 11jun6m

WM. A. SANDOE,

MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA.

Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instructions under D. W. A. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Penn'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.

He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. mar29y

SMITH'S GERMAN OLIO!

The Great German Remedy
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine, at 50 Cents a Bottle.

Prepared and sold at Wholesale by the

GERMAN OLIO COMPANY,
(LIMITED,)
32 Willow Street, Williamsport, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE AGENCY:
Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch St.
Smith, Kline & Co., 309 and 311 North 3rd street.

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14sdr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my2 78

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.

D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.

FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.

Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

CENTRE HALL

Carriage Shops.

J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP.
(Successors to J. C. Deininger.)

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS
SLEIGHS
And all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK

jan27

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

WANTED.—LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Fancy work at their homes, in city or country, all or part time; $10 to $11 per week, making goods for us; full and entire work. Send 15c. for sample and particulars. HUDSON MFG CO. 257 Sixth Ave., New York. 11oct1a

The BUYERS' GUIDE, No. 34, Fall and Winter, 1883, gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. Tells how to order with exact cost, 216 pages—large ones—3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Contains information gleaned from the markets of the world. No other price-book in existence contains as much information. Sent **free** to any address upon receipt of postage (7 cts). Let us hear from you, or visit us when in our city. Near Exposition Buildings. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CURES COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS WHOOPING COUGH AND BRONCHITIS. SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP 25 CTS. A BOTTLE. CROUP INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION & A PLEASANT AND SURE CURE

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

GRAHAM & SON,

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN BOOTS SHOES & LEATHER.

If you want good, honest Boots and Shoes—goods that you will be pleased with—buy the following makes, and you will get the best:

E. C BURTS'
Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.

HANAN & SONS,
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OILING LEGISLATION.

The Methods Practiced by the Standard Oil Company.

The Heavy Price it Paid for Peace—A Position and Five Thousand a Year to a Witness—Interesting Testimony.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The members of the Pennsylvania legislature to investigate charges made against the Standard Oil company met in the Leland house. There were present Senators John F. Grady (chairman) and A. J. Herr, Representatives George S. Clark, James L. Graham, Jacob Ziegler, John W. Walker, Thomas McReynolds and Joseph J. McCunn, sergeant at arms. S. C. T. Dodd and M. E. Olmsted, of Pennsylvania, appeared as counsel for the Standard Oil company.

John D. Archbold, president of the Acme Oil company and a member of the executive committee of the Standard organizations, testified at length regarding his dealings with Mr. Patterson. In 1881 he made an agreement with Attorney Gen. Cassidy of Pennsylvania to furnish him with all the facts necessary to prepare a basis on which the state suit for back taxes could go to trial. These facts covered every point of the business relations of the Standard Oil company on which claims for taxes could be based. On this agreement the case was made up and went to trial, resulting in decisions by the court in favor of the Standard company. Before the trial came off the witness had an interview in New York with Roger Sherman, in which Mr. Sherman gave notice that Mr. Patterson would not be bound by the agreement of the attorney general with respect to dispensing with oral testimony. At this interview the witness said he raised the question whether Mr. Patterson could not be given a position by the Standard in which he could earn his living legitimately instead of by blackmailing the Standard. After the state's suit was declared in favor of the company Mr. Archbold arranged with Mr. Patterson that if the latter would desist from his constant attacks on the Standard he would be paid $15,000 for his expenses in previous cases and be provided with a position at $5,000 a year.

Mr. Gowen, cross examining the witness, asked: "You knew that Mr. Patterson was employed by the state to collect evidence against your company when you made your suggestion to Mr. Sherman. Why, then, did you wish to secure him in your service?"

"The tax case had already been made up," said Mr. Archbold, "and Mr. Patterson's position in regard to it was settled."

Q. How did you pay Mr. Patterson the first installment ($7,5000) of the $15,000? A. In bank bills at the Stevens House.

Q. Did you do that so that there would be no record by a check? A. No, sir; only to oblige Mr. Patterson; we never made a mystery of the matter.

At this point representative Ziegler asked: "Did Patterson not try to prostitute the Producer's Union in Titusville to attacks on the Standard in order to benefit himself personally?" "That is the inference I would draw from his action," replied Mr. Archbold.

"The reason why I ask him that," added Mr. Zeigler, "is because I was a member of the Union and that was always my opinion. I wanted it confirmed."

Mr. Grady—You were sold out, probably, Mr. Zeigler.

Mr. Ziegler—Never mind, my production was only a quart a day.

The committe adjourned to meet in Philadelphia on December 30.

A SPEECH BY GEN. SHERMAN,

A Response to the Greeting of Five Hundred St. Louis Veterans.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 14.—Several posts of the Grand Army of the Republic went to Gen. Sherman's home and serenaded him. There were about 500 veterans in the procession. The general said he was glad to see so many of his old comrades present, and thanked them for their hearty greeting. He had, he said, returned to St. Louis with the intention of making it his home, and he expected to spend the remainder of his days here. He referred to his former visits to St. Louis, notably in 1861, when the growlings of war made every man suspicious of his neighbor. He was called on by the president to fulfill his oath of office to defend the country from foreign and domestic enemies, and he appealed to his assembled comrades to attest the fact that the oath had been fulfilled. He said that Pennsylvania was the Keystone state when the Union was a single arch, resting one end on Massachusetts and the other on Georgia. With its prosperity the country had grown into a grand arch, dipping into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, with Missouri as the keystone of the vast arch. He was, he said, too old to share with his listeners in the pleasures of life, but he should watch them from the retirement of his home. He would welcome friends from Louisiana as well as from Massachusetts. St. Louis, he added, had many cherished memories, and he hoped they would all join hands together, and go on until they received the last call.

The Dominion Excited.

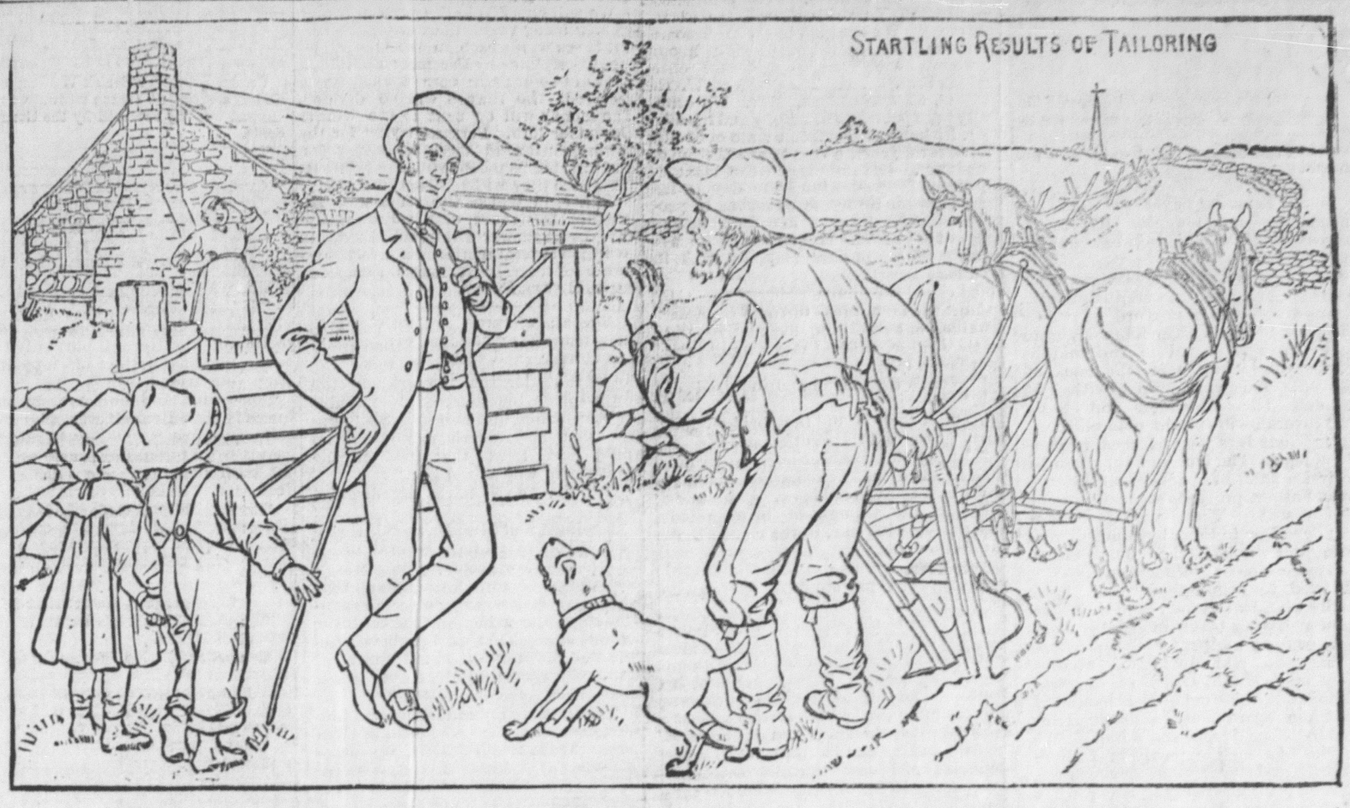
OTTAWA, Can., Nov. 14.—Strong protests are coming from the Roman Catholics of the Dominion, asking that a change be made in the oath of office taken by the governor general and provincial governor on being sworn into office. Exception is taken to that portion of the oath which declares that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state or potentate shall or ought to have authority, jurisdiction, etc., ecclesiastical or spiritual, within the limits of the country. It is held that the essential element of religious liberty of the people is the exercise of the authority of the pope and bishop of persons professing the Roman Catholic faith, and that the retention of this feature adopted by Henry the Eighth is in violation of the treaty of 1763, guaranteeing to the Roman Catholics of Canada freedom of worship. No little excitement exists on the subject.

Unpopularity of the Postal Note.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The postal note does not seem to grow in popular favor, and even its friends admit that it has not met their expectations. Reports received from all sections are to the effect that as a substitute for the money order the postal note is a failure. The sales do not seem to increase, and people do not appear disposed to adopt the note for the transaction of money except where only a small amount of odd cents is involved. The sale of the postal note has thus far not decreased the use of the money orders, except in very rare instances.

Investigating the Standard Oil Company.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—A committee of the Pennsylvania legislature began a hearing at the Leland hotel in the investigation of certain charges against the Standard Oil company. The members of the committee present were Senators John C. Grady, of Philadelphia; A. J. Horr, of Harrisburg, and Representatives J. L. Graham, of Pittsburg; Jacob Leigier, of Butler county; McReynolds, of Bucks county; George S. Clark, of Philadelphia and Walker, of Erie.



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The demand is for a great stock, for novel styles, for finer workmanship, for better finish. The day has passed in which mere goodness will do in a clothing stock. It must unite goodness with bigness, variety with style, and top all with economy. If Oak Hall did not do *all* this in the strongest and best way we could not claim your business. We *do* offer you the biggest, best, and cheapest retail clothing stock in the United States, and we simply want to tell you that it will not pay you to go elsewhere for your winter outfit. If you do not propose to visit Philadelphia, send for our new catalogue.

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Oak Hall,

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THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.

A Mechanical Wonder.

Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America and it is safe to assert that no toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity; fully aware of its merits we had thousands of Dolls ready for the Holiday trade notwithstanding which the supply was exhausted early in December and hundreds of children who came to our store were disappointed. We have been accumulating stock for the past nine months and shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. **The Doll has been improved in every way since last year.** Instead of the stiff German body as in all imported Dolls our Doll has an **AMERICAN MADE BODY** with limber joints so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arm is of **Finest Kid** with separate fingers. These are positively the finest bodies ever put in a Doll, they are of graceful and natural shape, and much better and more expensively made than the best imported bodies which they will outwear many times. **The Waxen Heads** with long hair are of the best French and German make made especially for this Doll and they are as beautiful as life, long hair, beautiful eyes and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Doll's Heads ever imported into this country, and that without the **Wonderful Singing Attachment** the pose ALONE IS WELL WORTH THE ENTIRE PRICE. THE SINGING ATTACHMENT is concealed within the body, it is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. Its simplicity and location are shown in the right hand engraving. It is a **Perfect Musical Instrument**, nicely made, not liable to get out of order and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs: "*Home sweet home*," "*Greenville*," "*I want to be an angel*," "*There is a happy land*," "*Sweet bye and bye*," "*Bonnie Dear*," "*How can I leave thee*?" "*A B C Song*," "*America*," "*Thou, thou reign'st*" (German), "*Poke Bottschaft*" (German), "*Tell Aunt Rhoda*," "*Buy a broom*," "*Twelve Months*," "*Coming thro' the Rye*," "*God bless the Prince of Wales*," "*Grandfather's Clock*," "*Child's Song*," "*Last Rose of Summer*," "*Joyful Message*" (German), "*Old Folks at Home*," "*Pop Goes the Weasel*," "*Sir marry Sharp*" (German), "*Scrap me Child*" (German), "*When I a little bird*," "*Cradle's Empty*," "*God save the Queen*." Walking and talking dolls have long been made, but they are expensive, soon out of order and do not afford the little ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our **Wonderful Singing Doll** does, which is the **Greatest Novelty** in **CHILDREN'S TOYS EVER PRODUCED** and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child. We can furnish three sizes **No. 1**, 22 inches high, price $2.75. **No. 2**, 24 inches high, larger head **price $3.25. No. 5**, 26 inches high, **OUR BEST DOLL**, price $4.00. These prices include boxing. All three sizes are equally perfect and complete, but the larger the Doll the larger the singing attachment and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price, fine **embroidered Chemise 25 cts. extra.** THE TRADE SUPPLIED. Address all orders to **THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., No. 55 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.**

☞ *FINE COSTUMES for these dolls with underclothing lace trimmed, Ready made, $4.50 to $5.00 extra.*

"A PRIMA DONNA IN EVERY HOME."

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

that will play any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate.

The Organette has gained such a world-wide reputation that a lengthy description of it is not necessary. It will be sufficient to say that it is a PERFECT ORGAN that plays *mechanically* all the sacred airs, popular music, songs, dances, etc., etc. It consists of three strong bellows and set of reeds with EXPRESSION box and SWELL. A strip of perforated paper represents the tune, and it is only necessary to place the paper tune in the instrument, as shown in the picture, and turn the handle, which both operates the bellows and propels the paper tune. The perforations in the paper allow the right reeds to sound and a perfect tune is the result, *perfect in time, expression, and effect*, without the least knowledge of music being required of the performer; even a little child can operate it, as is shown in the picture, a little girl is playing a song and her playmates are singing the words. It is tuned in the key best suited for the human voice to sing by. It interests and entertains both old and young, assists in training the voice and AFFORDS HOURS OF SOCIAL AMUSEMENT. The Organette is perfectly represented by the picture. It is made of solid black walnut, decorated in gilt, and is both handsome and ornamental. The price of similar instruments has hitherto been $8, and the demand has constantly increased until now there are over 30,000 in use. We are encouraged to place the Organette on the market at this greatly reduced price, believing that the sale will warrant the reduction. The Organette though similar in construction is an improvement upon our well-known Orgunette, which sells for $6 and $10. It contains the same number of reeds and plays the same tunes. Our offer is this: On receipt of $7 we will send the Organette by express to any address, and include FREE $6.50 worth of music, or on receipt of $10 we will send it with over $11.50 worth of music FREE, or for $13.50 we will send it with small selection of music FREE. The price includes boxing and packing. *There are agents' profits*, and we will appoint the first purchaser from any town our agent, if he so desires. Address,

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SPRING MILLS PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A house and lot, near the station, at Spring Mills, is offered at private sale. The house is a two story frame; there are outbuildings and choice fruit on the lot, also a well and running water. For further particulars apply to HANNAH BULLUCK, 1nov4m Milesburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. J. Bartges, dec'd. of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request that all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. J. H. REIFFSNYDER, Adm'r, 21nov6t Millheim, Pa

CROCKERY.—Millheim Crockery ware—crocks, flower pots, vases, etc., are constantly kept on hand by John S. Auman, at Farmers Mills. Manufactured by M. Ulrich, Jr. oct11tf

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Bellefonte, Pa.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

Some of the Civilized Notions Which He Has Acquired.

[Cor. Boston Post.]

At Amargo, a station on the Apache reservation, I had an opportunity to inspect the dreaded redskin on his native heath. There were about fifty of them, men, women and children, around the depot. As soon as the train came to a stop, they made a rush for the news agent, and bought out nearly his entire stock of apples at exorbitant prices. It is an amusing sight to watch an Apache devour an apple. His facial expression is one of supreme happiness.

Scalp taking and apple eating appear to be their chief accomplishments. Their dress was a mixture of white man's and Indian's. The long, straight, black hair was parted in the middle and tied up—a switch on the back of his head. This was adorned with gay feathers. Their shoulders and chests were covered with bright colored blankets. Their legs were encased in pantaloon legs. The true Indian, when he receives a pair of pants sent by the Great Father, proceeds at once to cut out the seat. These pantaloon legs were bound on to them by bands of red, white and blue cloths. They either wore moccasins or nothing at all.

I tried to negotiate with an aged worthy who, by the way, bore the reputation of having taken in his day some thirty or forty scalps, for the purchase of his bow and quiver of arrows. "How much?" said I. "Five doucee," holding out his outspread hand. I asked him again and he dropped his price to "Four douceе and a half." We continued to haggle, partly in Indian-English, and partly in pantomime, until the train got ready to leave, when he let me have the coveted prize for "one doucee," or one dollar.

The Apache has acquired many civilized ideas beside those incident to the striking of a bargain. He has always an excuse ready for his misdoings, no matter how heinous his offense may be. The old Indian of this tribe had the reputation of being a very bad Indian. Among other things he had killed his mother, his wife, and his pappoose. In consequence he soon gained the reputation of a "bad Indian." This was too much for the noble red man. So he enters his complaint to the Indian agent. Says he:

"They don't treat me fair. They call me 'bad Indian' when I am 'good Indian.' They say I killed my mother. Yes, I did, but I did it because she was too old to work. Then they say I killed my wife. I did that because she was too sick to work. They talk about my killing my pappoose. Well, I did that too, but it cried too much and I couldn't sleep. I am 'good Indian,' not 'bad Indian.'"

Light-Houses, Ancient and Modern.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

The first lights that flashed out over the stormy waves were the beacon fires on a hill, by whose blaze the mariner steered clear of the rocks that environed him. These were not "inextinguishable lights," therefore recourse was had to something better. The Egyptians built their fire towers and dedicated them to a divinity. On the summit they placed a bronze apparatus in which a fire was continually burning.

Other nations followed the example of lighting the mariner's perilous way, and thus light-houses were established all over the world, one of the most ancient and most celebrated being that on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria.

The system of lighting has varied at different times and in different places. There are five varieties of lights—the "revolving," the "flashing," the "fixed," the "intermittent," and the "double lights" placed in one tower. Wood and coal fires were at first used, then candles, and subsequently lamps, with metal reflectors. The greatest care has to be observed to keep the lamps and reflectors free from dust, or the light would be obscured. They are either washed or burnished, and sometimes stoves are introduced in the room to equalize the temperature, and prevent a mist gathering on the glasses.

The glass of the lamps is sometimes shattered, not by the waves, but the sea-birds dashing against them, attracted by the light. Sometimes it becomes necessary to protect the lamps with a network. The birds, bewildered and dazzled by the light, fly at the glass, dashing themselves with so much force against it that they not only break the panes, but injure themselves in the onslaught.

A Story of George Peabody.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

The proceedings at the first meeting of the Library association were enlivened by Mr. Henry Stevens, the well-known "bibliographer and lover of books," who related with his usual humor some literary anecdotes, which, as he said, were not generally to be met with in published books. One of these relating to the late Mr. George Peabody is too amusing not to deserve a wider circulation. The eminent philanthropist, anxious "to do something in a literary way" for his native city, Boston, applied to Mr. Stevens for advice. "How are books?" inquired Mr. Peabody, as if they were stocks and shares. "What can I get 3,000 volumes for?" "Well," replied his adviser, "you can get them at a shilling a volume or a pound a volume." "Then I will have them at a shilling a volume," was the answer; and he forthwith commissioned the book savant to procure and have delivered to him at Boston, well bound, in good condition, and free of charge, 3,000 volumes for the same number of shillings. This was in due course accomplished, and the munificence of the donor lost nothing by the fact that a mistaken account of the transaction afterward found its way into the newspapers, describing how the library had been selected and founded at a cost of £1 per volume.

A Rich Deposit.

The finding of a great belt of phosphates in North Carolina is announced in a communication to Bradstreet's. The deposit has been traced a distance of nine miles, and an observer believes they extend a distance of thirty or forty miles on each side of the northeast branch of Cape Fear river.

PREMONITIONS OF DANGER.

A Railroad Engineer Gives His Experience.

[Washington Critic.]

"A fortnight or so ago I was on my way to the far west, traveling on a fast through Baltimore & Ohio express. On a bright Sunday morning I awoke in my berth and realized that the train was standing still. I raised the curtain and peeped out. The sun was well up in the heavens, and the train stood in a dense wood, away from any living creature. It did not move for some time, and I arose, made my toilet, and went outside. The train stood partially on a long trestle-work or open bridge, and I could see smoke rising from the end of the structure furthest from us. I walked out past the locomotive and on the bridge, where I met a number of gentlemen talking.

"'What's the matter?' I inquired of one.

"'Oh, a section of the bridge has burned,' replied the gentleman.

"'Lucky the engineer saw the fire in time to save us,' I remarked, gazing down into the water below, and shuddering at the thought of being piled up, in a sleeping-car, in the chasm that yawned for me.

"'But the engineer says he didn't see any fire when he stopped,' exclaimed one.

"'No, said the engineer who stood hard by, 'I saw no fire. I had a presentiment as I approached the bridge. Something seemed to warn me that it would not be safe to cross the bridge, and it came upon me so strongly that I just stopped the train and got out of the cab, and I hadn't walked twenty steps before I saw that the act had saved many lives, for the whole train would have gone down that hole, although it is but the length of two rails. The fire didn't show up much above the ties, as it was confined mostly to the timbers below. Right there in that little shed a watchman sleeps,' said the engineer, pointing to a diminutive dwelling a half dozen rods away, 'and it was his duty, and it has been for years to be out here, and to pass over the bridge just before and after us; but somehow I felt that he was not faithful, that he might be asleep, and I could see in my mind, as I approached the bridge, the whole train going down to death, and could hear the cries of the dying, and so I just stopped, as I said. The watchman, sure enough, was asleep. Oh, you needn't laugh, for this is not the first time presentiments have saved lives when my hand was at the throttle. No, I've been in just this position before,' said he, blushing to the tips of his fingers, as two or three gentlemen smiled and whistled a bit.

"'No,' said he, 'I had a foreboding of danger stronger than this a few years ago. I was running then on a division of the Sandusky. There is a little station on that road where the passenger trains seldom stop. It has a siding for freights, however, and there was nearly always a freight train side-tracked as I passed through on the fast express. That little place is on a long stretch of splendid track, and for years the engineers had that as a racing ground, and I tell you some mighty good time has been made there. At the time I had this presentiment the rivalry among the engineers on that stretch of track was at its height. It was a sharp winter night that I approached the station, on the down trip. It was foggy, and a fierce wind blew. I hadn't stopped there for three months, and as I went into that good track with a dash, and approached the village at a terrible speed, I never thought of stopping. My locomotive was the fleetest on the road, and I was congratulating myself, as the fireman drew his watch, that I was making the best time on record, and was thinking to myself how I would appal the trainmen side-tracked as I dashed through. When a quarter of a mile from the station something whispered to me to stop. I didn't want to stop, and reflecting how chagrined I would be if I would have to stop when in the heat of a successful race, I tossed my head, opened the throttle a little more, and oh, how we flew! Seems to me I never saw a train come so near flying, and yet she just lay as close to and smoothly on the track as could be. Quick as thought I was commanded by an inner being to stop, or it would make a run to death; and, without effort, my hands reversed the engine and applied the air. There was no signal, no whistle nor bell sounded, and the fireman was astonished to see my frantic movements. The train lay still a few feet past the depot, and as I jumped from my engine I felt so embarrassed that I almost burned. I could make no explanation to the conductor or the trainmen who came about me. I looked all over the engine. Everything was all right. I cast my eyes along the train. Nothing appeared wrong. Then I walked down the track in front of the engine. When I had gone less than a hundred feet, and beyond the rays of the headlight I ran against a box car! It stood right out in front of the engine, full on the track. The switch had been left open and the wind had skewed it out. It was loaded with carbon oil. Had I not seen it, scores of persons would have been killed and burned.

Wants It "Done Brown."

[Chicago Herald.]

Flood, the California millionaire, is going to ship brownstone all the way from New York for his new San Francisco palace. This will be an innovation in which health and comfort are to be sacrificed to style. Brick or stone houses in San Francisco are simply uninhabitable because of their coldness and dampness, but Mr. Flood believes that brown stone alone can give the solidity and dignity necessary to such a palace as he means to build. By the way, it should not be forgotten that Mr. Flood used to keep a saloon and attend his own bar. His tastes are, therefore, necessarily cultured and esthetic.

A Point in Peanuts.

It is reported that attempts will be made next season to raise peanuts on land that can be irrigated. The crop was a failure in many parts of the south this year on account of the drought.

Jeff Davis' Capture.

A son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was captured along with Jefferson Davis, gives the following version of the affair in an interview with "Gath." published in The Cincinnati Enquirer:

"Now I did not see the capture of Mr. Davis. The first thing I saw of Mr. Davis he was sitting in his tent. There were tents pitched there. He was under guard, and was in a fearful state of mind. I said to him something to the effect that at last we had been seized. 'Yes,' said he, 'and if I had not been pinioned by Mrs. Davis I would have thrown the scoundrel from his horse.' Mr. Davis had long before that told me how to throw a man from a horse. He said that if you would take the horse by the bridle and give him a jerk, and at the same time apply ever so light a movement under the foot of the rider, that the jerk and the upward push together would undoubtedly throw him on his head. So I suppose that his remark meant that he would have tried that trick on the countryman who seized him."

"Did Mr. Davis have any disguise on?"

"I believe that Mrs. Davis did throw a waterproof over him. Several of us had these waterproofs. Mine was a sort of brown color. I understand that when the attack was made on the camp Mrs. Davis threw her waterproof over her husband. That is, I believe, the extent of the story of his disguise. I had hardly spoken to Mr. Davis, when one of these officers, I think it was Pritchard, came up and addressed him in insolent language, something like this: 'Well, old Jeff, we have got you at last.' Mr. Davis replied: 'The worst of all is that I should be captured by a band of thieves and scoundrels.' 'Oh,' exclaimed this officer, 'we have had plenty of that kind of talk. You're captured, that is the long and short of it, and are our prisoner.' With this another officer, who seemed to have more decency, came forward and said to the first man: 'It is not worth while to talk like that,' and he led his friend away. The language they addressed to Mr. Davis was entirely unbecoming a man of character and the dignity of the prisoner. I somewhat regretted that Mr. Davis had lost his temper. He was in a very excited state of mind."

Woes of an Inventor's Wife.

[Baltimore American.]

"It is all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said one, as the ladies put up their sewing, "but I'd like to have some one tell me what I am to do with my husband?" "What is the matter with him?" asked a sympathetic lady. "William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but William will invent. He goes inventing around from morning till night, and I have no peace or comfort. I didn't object when he invented a fire-escape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night last winter to see how it worked. Then he originated a lock for the door that wouldn't open from midnight until morning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and I had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing." "Why didn't he take his coat off?" "I wanted him to, but he stood around till the thing opened itself, trying to invent some way of unfastening it.

"That's William's trouble. He will invent. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut and open without handling. It went by clockwork. William got into it and up it went. Bless your heart, he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till Sunday night, when it flew open and disclosed William with the plans and specifications of a patent washbowl that would tip over when it got just so full. The result was that I lost all my rings and a breastpin down the waste-pipe. Then he got up a crutch for a man that could be used as an opera glass. Whenever the man leaned on it up it went, and when he put it to his eye to find William it flew out into a crutch and almost broke the top of his head off. The other day I saw him going up the street with a model of a grain elevator sticking out of his hip pocket, and he is fixing up an improved shot tower in our bedroom."

Civilizing the Brahmins.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

The Hindoos can never become civilized, according to our standard, until they shall lose their old religion. This faith is so interwoven with the tissue of their every-day life that they are never free from it for a moment. By its influence they still plow with an iron-shod stick, reap with a sickle and thresh the grain beneath the feet of oxen. It gives them no idea of right and wrong, according to our standard. It inculcates child marriages and the terrors of widowhood; it fosters female infanticide by its doctrine of female depravity and worthlessness. In short it is a vast improvement over fetichism and Parseeism, but it falls short of the real needs of mankind, and it is only through this foreign missionary work and its active support that these poor, benighted, down-trodden and heart-broken sisters of ours can ever be lifted out of this utter darkness into the light of truth and happiness.

The God of the Bedstead.

[Chicago Herald.]

The principal idol of Chinese women is the God of the Bedstead, which they worship religiously until the youngest child is 15 years of age. This god consists of a rice bowl, with two pieces of red ribbon laid on the bottom of it, two cakes of yeast, and twelve leaves, culled from as many different trees. The god is kept on a shelf, either above or under the bed, according to the fancy of the worshiper, and is appealed to at least twice a month by the woman and her children.

A Paroxysmal Winter.

[Exchange.]

Professor Cather, of Alabama, makes bold to predict that the coming winter will be very cold and early, and "phenomenal for its paroxysmal spells of heat, succeeded by intense cold."

Two Ways of Doing It.

[Croffut in St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

A celebrated singer told me this week two stories of the elder Bennett. When Parepa first came to this country she called at the Bennett mansion and presented a letter of introduction which she brought from Europe. Mrs. Bennett, who was a dressy and rather magnificent society lady, received her in the parlor, and, after welcoming her, bore her to the library where her distinguished husband was at his desk.

"Father," said Mrs. Bennett, "father! here is Mme. Parepa, come to ask the protection of our paper."

Mr. Bennett expressed his pleasure at seeing her, but Parepa bridled perceptibly and exclaimed earnestly:

"No! no! Pardon me! You surely mistake. I do not come to ask the protection of The Herald, but only to present a personal letter of introduction from your friends."

Constraint and embarrassment followed. Mrs. Bennett was angry. The call was short. And The Herald never gave a word of cordial praise to Parepa till both her host and hostess were dead.

Another: When Madame Gazzanigga, the finest singer of her time, was in this city, she called on Mrs. Bennett one day and waited for her half an hour in the drawing-room, and then left. On letting her out, the servant asked:

"Who shall I tell her called?"

"Tell her," said the prima donna, 'that she will find my card on the piano."

And there, sure enough, it was found. 'Gazzanigga," scrawled in the dust that had blown in that summer morning on the polished piano lid! Instead of being offended, Mrs. Bennett was at once pleased by the impudence and liveliness of her caller, and thenceforward the two were good friends, and The Herald could never say enough for her.

How Londoners Dress.

Private Letter in San Francisco Bulletin.]

The streets generally were thronged with people, principally gentlemen. English ladies seem to walk but little in the streets. The London gentlemen are a fine looking set of men. They dress remarkably well, wholly in Prince Albert coats and white vests and ties. They wear the glossiest, most shining hats, what we call "stovepipes," which make them look taller and better dressed than the "beanpots" of America. Nearly every gentleman has either a rose, jasmine or a tuberose in his buttonhole. It may be their dress or their hats that give the impression, but English gentlemen look taller than Americans. Their physical development is good; their faces handsome; their features clearly cut. Most of them are clean shaven, except a small mustache and neat side-boards. There are very few beards to be seen among the better class of young Englishmen.

The streets of London are enlivened with red-coated soldiers. They are a fine looking class; their dress very bright in color and well cut. On the streets they usually wear a cap, resembling a smoking cap, which they jauntily perch on one side of the head, and in their hands carry a lithe or slender walking cane. Their walk is very regular and their bearing military; and on account of the number one sees they contribute quite a feature among the city sights.

After Nineteen Years.

[New York Journal.]

On the 21st of June, 1864, a young lady residing in Frankfort Ky., sent a letter addressed to "Lieut. J. K. P. South, Company D, Fifth Kentucky Infantry, Lewis' Brigade, Wheeler's Division," which was forwarded but never received by Mr. South. After the war the letter came into the possession of Rev. E. C. Guerrant, of Mount Sterling, who placed it in a box with a number of other mementoes of his comrades of the "lost cause," where it was discovered by Mr. W. F. Haven editor of The Mount Sterling Sentinel, who forwarded the long missing letter to Mr. South, who received it one day last week. The fair writer at the time she wrote the letter was the betrothed of Mr. South, but is long since married to another man, and now resides in Louisville. Lieut. South is the happy father of a family residing in Reading, Pa. Mr. South intends to send the long-sealed letter after he reads the contents to the lady as a reminder of their former friendship.

Thaddeus Stevens' Grave.

[Letter in Philadelphia Times.]

Stevens had purchased and paid for lots in the "Lancaster" cemetery before he knew that its charter limited its tenants to those in whose veins ran no African blood. He then negotiated for ground in "Woodward Hill" cemetery, but ascertaining that they, too, didn't think a black man good enough to moulder to dust in their graveyard, he exclaimed: "Is it possible that they're a set of fools, too." Mrs. Smith says that the directors then offered to have the obnoxious limitation stricken out of Stevens' deed, but the old man declared he would have nothing to do with them or their cemetery, and that he "would rather be buried in Potters' Field." And so this consistent champion of the oppressed turned to the less pretentious burial ground, where he now lies, beneath that graven tablet whereof all the world knows and honors.

[Progress in Medication.

[British Quarterly Review.]

Since the time of our fathers great changes have taken place, all in the direction of the diminution of the volume and number of drugs administered. Doses are getting smaller, pills are dwindling in size, and powders are growing so beautifully less as to suggest at no distant period their final and blessed extinction without hope of resurrection. Drops are substituted for tablespoonfuls, and effervescing salts for the black draught of still blacker memory. The whilom bolus, monstrous in size and nastiness, is an extinct type of physic, and what pills still survive in dwarfed form cover their nakedness in coats of varied hue, or present themselves in the seductive guise of bona-fide sugar plums. Numberless are the ways and forms in which now-a-days the horrors of physic contrives to hide itself.

Reckless Horsemanship.

[Inter Ocean.]

It was early in the morning that the pilgrims were favored with an exhibition of horsemanship which is rarely seen. At one of the stations at which the train stopped there appeared among the small knot of natives a veritable cowboy, mounted and fully equipped. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat over an honest, pleasant face, deeply tanned by the sun and atmosphere, a woolen shirt and a short, gray jacket and gray trousers. Over his legs, from his hips to his knees, extended a wide piece of leather, the object of which is supposed to be to protect him from rain and brush. He was asked if he owned the herd of sheep grazing near, and indignantly responded that he did not—that he was a cowboy.

"Let us see you lasso that cow."

"Huh! That's nothin'! The boys 'uld skin my head."

"Then let us see you catch the train."

Without a word the little pony was urged to the other side of the track, and, as the train started, horse and rider made a dash, going ahead of the train. Gradually as the train got under way it gained upon its opponent until it and the horse stood "neck and neck." Then, as if to tempt the rider to his fate, cigars were held to him from the car windows. Without a moment's hesitation the little pony was headed for the road-bed, which it reached by a plunge from the higher ground. The train increased in speed, and the cow-boy, being intent on the prizes offered him, gave the rein to the pony and his attention to taking the cigars from the hands of those inside the cars. Over washouts and uneven ground, through cuts and over elevations the animal dashed, and so close to the train that the rider's feet came in contact with it. The animal was left entirely to itself, and one misstep or a stumble would have thrown both horse and rider beneath the wheels. For fully three-quarters of a mile the race was kept up, and at the end of it the daring rider was greeted with shouts, which he acknowledged by a wave of his hat as the horse mounted the embankment.

The Crash of Worlds.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

If ever two great worlds do meet in this way it is possible to predict some of the consequences. To use the technical language of science, "their energy of solar motion will be converted into various forms of molecular and potential energy;" which, translated into the vernacular, means that there will be evolution of heat and light, while at the same time the solids present will be wholly or in part liquefied, the liquids vaporized, and the vapors and gases rarefied and expanded. The intensity of the action will depend, of course, mainly upon the mass and swiftness of the colliding bodies; but an easy calculation shows that if our earth were ever to meet another globe like herself, and meeting with the same velocity, heat enough would be generated by the shock to transform them both into a huge ball of vapor; unless, indeed, the central core of the earth is much colder and more refractory than is usually supposed. At any rate, the quantity of heat developed would be sufficient to melt, boil, and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times that of both the colliding worlds—an ice planet 150,000 miles in diameter.

If, however, the impinging masses were, to begin with, mainly gaseous (as the sun seems to be) the effect might be curiously different. Heat would, of course, be generated, just as in the case of solid bodies; but as a consequence, apparently most paradoxical, the resulting nebula might actually be cooler than either of the bodies before the encounter; of course it would be vastly expanded in volume. Just as a gaseous mass contracting under its own gravity from loss of heat by radiation at its surface, continually rises in temperature, so a similar mass, expanding against its own gravity from accession of heat within, may fall in temperature, nay, must fall, if the body is composed of "perfect" gas. Of course, immediately after the collision, and before the ultimate expansion bulk was attained, the temperature and brilliance of the mass would be for a time vastly increased, but the final result would be as stated.

Soothing the Victims.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Marwood, the English hangman, used to soothe his victims by whispering words of encouragement to them. "Come on now," he would say kindly. "I won't hurt you, and it will all be over in a minute. It will be all right. Just leave it to me." A well known sheriff in Arkansaw is equally as kind. Some time ago he entered the cell of a man who was to be hanged the following day and said: "That little affair of ours comes off to-morrow, you know, and I hope that you will be quite ready for the performance. Hold yourself pretty stiff when the cap is drawn. Then you will go down straight and won't dangle. It's very uncomfortable to dangle and you will find the stiff method preferable."

Prison Morality.

[Chicago Herald.]

A man who was convicted of theft and sentenced to the state prison in Philadelphia the other day astonished the judge by making these pointed remarks in court: "I worked three years in your state prison making shoes, and I know as much about making shoes as I do about watches. They taught me to be dishonest. My principal work was to paste leather and pasteboard together to make a thick sole to impose on the public. The man who had the contract was a Christian, a member of the church, and at the time I called his attention to the pasteboard business he was foreman of the grand jury.

What His Idea Was.

[San Francisco Bulletin.]

A New York merchant was speaking of a gray-haired comrade who had just married a third wife. "I can't understand it," he said. "I am a widower myself, but my idea has always been that if a man's first wife suited him, he wouldn't expect that another could fill her place, and if she did not suit him, he wouldn't want another to fill it."

BEWARE, PROUD WORLD.

[W. T. Washburn.]

Beware, proud world! how thou despisest
The humblest of thy creatures, lest
In melancholy's sunless mine
He chances upon a steel divine
Whose edge shall cleave your torturing chain,
And break your sceptred gods' relentless reign

An Old Physician's Views.

[Chicago Times.]

I believe, however, that it is not the liquor alone which produces the diseases generally attributed to it. It is rather in the fact that those who are supposed to fail in physical health by its use, or who use it to excess, do so because they create by their course of life or labor a morbid demand for the stimulant. I have already shown how a board of trade man may rush off to get a drink to prevent a reaction from excitement. It is so with many other vocations. Take a compositor on a morning paper. He will work all night, and have his slumbers broken in the day. He rises unrefreshed. He must work again, and, utterly prostrated, suffering from nervous losses, he drinks to restore himself. He continues this course for years, and becomes a wreck. Whether from the drink or the work for which he may have been constitutionally unfitted I could not say, unless I could determine what would have been the result had he followed either course and left the other alone.

I am inclined to think, however, that the effects of liquor on a person following a nervous and exhaustive vocation, especially if it be used to brace up to greater efforts and harder work, is far more injurious than when used by such men as those who first peopled the west, and who drank it frequently and sometimes to excess. Their systems were strong enough to throw off its effects. Their occupations did not cause nervous prostration, hence they did not develop a seeming necessity in the system for it. It is not the peculiarity of modern liquor or the depravity of the present generation; it is the exhaustion induced by the terrible outlay of vitality in exciting business that makes drinking what it now is with a large class. My advice to all workers is to go slow. Do not brace up that you may overwork. Rest; that is nature's own magnificent and unrivaled remedy, that will cure when nothing else will. Take to the woods, the fields, the open air. Throw physics to the dogs, and do not sell your health for money, for you cannot buy it.

A Plea for Little Men.

[Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.]

Surely the anthropometrists will do harm if they encourage the craze of tallness. It seems one ambition of mothers that their boys should be tall. Napoleon and Wellington and Nelson were short. The Romans dominated Italy because individual physical inferiority made them perfect their organization. To say that the English is the tallest race is simply to say that they are hewers of wood and drawers of water for the rest. The tallness of Saxon invaders proves little. Although reach was of more importance in the days of sword and ax than now, the tall Saxon did not in point of fact oust the shorter Celt or Neolith except in places where command of the sea gave him power to concentrate rapidly. It is to organization, sanitary education, etc., and not to tallness, or even to weight, that one race must look to beat another now, as in the days when Rome beat the mountaineers. But if we are to admire physical condition, surely we should be taught to look to size round the chest in men, and to size, where size is wanted in women, and not to tallness in either case.

One of the Serious Wants.

[Chicago Times.]

In the carriage-makers' convention in New Haven, Conn., after the committee on apprenticeship had reported in favor of restoring the old system of indenturing apprentices until they reach their majority. Mr. John W. Britton, of New York, said: "One of the serious wants of this country and of our trade is good boys. Our boys are deteriorating, as are our men. The greatest difficulty we experience in New York is that of getting boys who have brains and are willing to learn a trade thoroughly. The example of men who have made millions in a few years is held up before our boys in school, and the boys become inflamed with the notion that they must make their millions and be able to found cross-roads colleges before they die. So they eschew trades and become poor professionals."

The Authorship of "Old Grimes."

[Chicago Tribune.]

The New York Tribune has been trying to fix the authorship of the pathetic ballad, "Old Grimes." The weight of the testimony is in favor of Albert G. Green, a graduate of Brown university and author of "The Baron's Last Banquet." There is a pretty well authenticated claim, however, that the author was a student of the Vale college during the presidency of Dr. Dwight. In those days the janitor of the institution was an eccentric character, who wore "an old brown coat," and was called by the students Professor of Dust and Ashes. He died, and the claim is that one of the college rhymsters wrote the lines in question, which were sung by a lot of heartless students who assembled for that purpose on the roof of the college building.

A Useless Habit.

[Chicago Times.]

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it just before writing, which is habitual with many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason—unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation. A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers.

A Warning.

[Inter Ocean.]

A Boston editor became "a walking encyclopedia of historical and biographical knowledge" and then died. People should not try to be encyclopedias unless they expect to be soon laid on the shelf.

KING KIRBY M'CANN.

[Robert Turney in Chicago Tribune.]

In the halls of our fathers enraptured we stand,
And we dream of the bright days of yore,
When King Kirby McCann owned both castles and land,
And was worth fifty millions and more.
With his sword in his hand,
Divil a man in the land
Dare meet him in fair, open fight;
For with one mighty blow
He laid fifty men low
And put a whole army to flight.
With his ten-barreled gun
He bored holes in the sun,
And his eyesas the eagle's was quick;
For the gay old galoot;
Round a corner could shoot,
And kill forty men at a lick..
He was fifteen feet high—
'Pon me sowl, 'tis no lie—
And he weighed half a ton, every pound;
And when he would spake,
The whole shanty would shake,
As though earthquakes were hopping around.
Bedad, he could dance
Like a master from France;
And, when he stepped jigs, arrah! sure
He'd shake the whole house,
As a cat shakes a mouse,
And he'd bust every board in the flure.
'Tis thus in the halls of our fathers we stand,
And we dream of the bright days of yore,
When King Kirby McCann, with his sword in his hand,
A crown like a coal-scuttle wore.
And tears big as overgrown pumpkins oft start,
And our rubicund noses grow wan;
Like a steam-whistle's scream comes a sigh from the heart,
When we think on King Kirby McCann.

The "Massacre of Wyoming."

["Gath's" Letter.]

The further we get from the incidents of the Revolution the more philosophically we consider them. The late civil war made us a more rational people to judge our Revolutionary forefathers.

A committee was appointed from the descendants of the Revolutionary men of Wyoming, on the one hundreth anniversary of that battle, to prepare a memorial volume. Mr. Johnson, who accompanied me riding, was one of that committee, and he gave me the memorial book, of which I read a portion the same night.

There it is conceded that the British behaved very respectably and protected those who could come in. The British commander was a regular officer, named Butler. He allowed the people after the battle to surrender, and politely asked their clergyman to act as secretary of the convention, which he did, and this man wrote out the cartel, which was faithfully kept.

The American settlers were allowed to stay upon their farms and enjoy their property on condition of not enlisting against the British government. The valley was evacuated by Butler and his command, and was not again invaded by them.

All this is put down in the sober second thought of a hundred years. If you sleep on any thing a hundred years, except lobster salad, you will change your mind.

Again, the Wyoming Memorial committee discreetly says that the probable cause of any invasion was the intolerance of our patriots, who began the war by driving off their inoffensive and numerically weaker Tory neighbors. To reinstate those poor people the British line came, not unexpectedly, backed by some of the same savage Iroquois we had used for a hundred years to invade and murder the French in Canada. Our patriotic forefathers knew all about the nature of their warfare, and merely received some of its consequences.

The memorial report asserts that not one woman was either killed or abused by the victors at Wyoming.

The Queen and John Brown.

[New York Tribune.]

The English court put on mourning for a brief space and John Brown's burial was made an affair of state. Not satisfied with these and other demonstrations of respect and affection, the queen has ordered from Mr. Boehm a life-sized statue of her faithful lackey, and this is soon to be unveiled on the lawn at Balmoral in full view from the windows of the castle. She has also announced her intention of erecting marble tablets to his memory in St. George's chapel and the royal mausoleum.

Though Englishmen were too sensible and too loyal to pay heed to inane tattle about this burly Scotchman, they were annoyed during his lifetime by the constant association of his name with the royal household. They were weary of hearing anecdotes about his arrogance and officiousness, and of seeing his name in the court circulars and the society journals. They breathed more freely when his decease was announced, thinking that they had heard the last of John Brown. They little knew to what lengths the queen's commemorative mania would carry her. Here are marble tablets in the celebrated chapel consecrated to royalty, and in the vaults where lie the ashes of England's kings; and yonder in the Highlands, almost face to face with the prince consort, is to stand the life-sized statue of his stout-hearted and big-fisted gillie. If John Brown while he lived became in one way or another a standing joke at the expense of royalty, he is to go down to posterity in all seriousness as the friend of the family.

Adulterated Tea.

[Inter Ocean.]

Few people, while engaged in strengthening their nerves with a cup of tea, imagine they are swallowing pulverized charcoal, bone-black, clay, terra alba, pulverized soap-stone, talc, Prussian blue, gravel, and other undesirable commodities. Such is the stuff scientific experts employed by the New York board of health have found in the green teas sold in that city. The best grades of black teas are pronounced the safest, and the verdict is rendered that "none of the green teas are pure."

Barbed Wire vs. Fox Chasing.

[Inter Ocean.]

So insidiously harmful has the use of wire fencing—especially in patching hedges—become in certain parts of Great Britain, that many hunts have set apart a regular fund for replacing it with something which may be seen and avoided. The tearing of hounds' hides, not to speak of any worse mischief, by the barbed wire of this modern fencing is especially a cause of complaint.

Needs of the Lone Star State.

[Dallas Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The growth and development of Texas cannot be exaggerated. Fort Worth eight years ago contained but 500 inhabitants; in 1880, 6,000 and to-day, 16,000, a perfect system of water-works, street railroads and gas. Sewerage is being built, the streets graded and macadamized; a fine opera-house is in process of construction, and every thing that goes to make up a city, except the hotels. The Lord have mercy upon the man that has to contribute $3 per day to the hotels of Fort Worth, especially the El Paso. Fifteen cents would be extravagant. Why some live hotel man has not found this place before is a mystery, as the arrivals during last December were over 9,000 as shown by the hotel registers. This city has a number of large wholesale houses, one grocery house last year having sold over $1,500,000 worth of goods. If some unforeseen circumstance does not check the growth of Fort Worth, it will soon rank as a city of 25,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. The future city of Texas is Dallas. Containing a population of 10,000 in 1880, without effort apparently upon the part of her citizens, she has grown to be a prosperous city of 25,000, and is going right ahead. Dallas is doing more than four times the business of any city of her size in the north. There are great opportunities here for men of energy and capital.

What Texas needs is more corn, less cotton, more hogs and better cattle. The crops this year in northern Texas are good, the acreage of corn is about double and the yield fair. A great many cattle will be fed this winter. The cotton crop is short. The acreage is not more than 33 per cent., and in the southern part of the state the average is not over 50 per cent. The loss in the aggregate to the state on the cotton crop is estimated at $30,000,000. What Texas needs is northern enterprise and knowledge. The latter she is fast acquiring, and certainly the former will come if only apprised of the opportunities. Why should Texas pay exorbitant prices for corn-fed beef shipped in refrigerator cars from Kansas City and St. Louis? Why should she ship her cattle alive to St. Louis, losing 100 pounds on each head and 1 cent in the price, when she can slaughter them at home and ship two car loads in one? Why should Texas be dependent on the north for bacon and lard when hogs grow and fatten themselves here? Why should Texas be dependent on the north for flour when she should have a surplus of millions of bushels of wheat? These questions will soon be solved, and the men to take the step in advance will reap a rich reward.

The American Hip-Pocket.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The "hip-pocket" in American-made trousers gives a wrong impression abroad, although its use has become very general in this country. An Englishman, who was recently entertaining a company at a table d'hote with his knowledge of American customs and manners, declared that every American "man" carried a pistol, and that it was necessary, as life was so insecure there. An American lady said that he was telling her somethi g new of a country where she had always lived. He replied that all American men had hip-pockets made in their trousers purposely to carry firearms. The lady protested; her husband, three sons and brothers always had hip-pockets made, but to her certain knowledge they never carried fire-arms in them. Nor did she know of any American who was a walking arsenal, and she thought further that life in America seemed just as secure as in Europe. "I am amazed," said he, "to hear your apparently sincere remarks, but I cannot agree with you. Several years ago, when I was on the Laramie plains in the states, traveling for pleasure, some road agents forced our party at the point of a pistol to hold up both hands. They then emptied our pockets." The lady assured him that very few of our leading men are engaged in the road agent industry, and that few of the others are loaded.

Another false idea is that of the so-called "American duel." I never heard of the misnamed "American duel" until I came to this country, and have been greatly ridiculed therefor. "Why," said a gentleman, "is it possible you are an American and have grown up in ignorance of such a famed practice? Instead of shooting at each other the principals draw lots—while alone together. Whoever gets the fatal number must take his own life within a year. Neither must tell of it, and the suicide leaves no explanation of his act."

The Lying Business Overdone.

[Prof. David Swing.]

An agnostic is, therefore, the legitimate product of a mendacious age. He has been swindled until he distrusts his grandmother. Bore a hole in the ground with your cane and set your dog to digging there for game and he will dig tremendously in the first experiment; on a second he will dig a little but with less zeal and hope; but when about the third time you call his attention to a possible rat in the cane-made hole, he will look at the hole and then at you, and then will lie down on the cool, green grass in philosophic peace. You have made your dog a skeptic. Thus our times have overdone the lying business, and there are a few millions of persons who do not repose any confidence in anything or body not well backed up by collaterals.

Ornamental Teeth.

[Popular Science News.]

The teeth, we are told, rarely escape beautifying among the negroes of equatorial Africa; for they file the edges into notches, in some cases, until they resemble the serrations in a saw. The Africans, however, are excelled by the Malays in their artistic treatment of the teeth; for not only do they stain them black, but the latter file them into fantastic shapes. And in Borneo an elaborate process is adopted; the front surface of each tooth being drilled in the centre, and a round or star-shaped knob of brass inserted in the hole. These knobs are kept bright by the action of the lip, and are supposed to be highly attractive.

SHE WAS POSTED ON THE LAW.

How a Little Old Lady Gave a Brooklyn Butcher a Nervous Fit.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A little old woman forced her way through a crowd of waiting customers in a Fulton street meat market yesterday afternoon and quietly called for a pound of lamb chops. The proprietor himself waited on her, and while he was cutting the meat the old lady asked him:

"Is that meat tainted?"

"Tainted, madam?" he interrogated angrily. "What do you mean?"

"Never you mind," persisted the old lady, "is it tainted?"

"Madam," said the butcher laying down his knife and blushing clean back to his shoulder blades, "perhaps you don't want any meat?"

"Be careful now," said the woman encouraged by the amused and interested looks of the customers. "I know what I am talking about. Do you know what the new code is?"

"I think I do," stammered the proprietor, as he mopped his forehead with his apron. "What of it?"

"Do you know that it makes the selling of diseased or tainted meat a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or imprisonment, or both, on top of each other? Oh, I know, for my son is going to be a lawyer."

"Well—"

"Don't interrupt me. Now, how many people of you have had bad meat?"

The served customers all shyly smelled of their package, but no one spoke.

"Don't be afraid," cried the old lady encouragingly, "I'll see you out. If there's any unlawful meat sold here, I'd like to know it."

"I'll have you arrested," said the exasperated butcher. "I don't sell any tainted meat."

"Very good," said the woman; "that's all I want to know. But don't you have me arrested, for I'll get out on a writ of corpus habeas and make your life an African simoon."

"Do you want your meat?" asked the proprietor.

"Of course I do, if it's within the law's requirements?"

"Well, here it is," said the man, holding out the package, which he had neatly tied up.

"No, you can't fool me like that. Take off the string, and we'll have the witnesses examine this meat."

The nervous fingers of the butcher untied the knot, the meat was spread out, and at the request of the little woman a gray-haired man smelled of the package and pronounced it good.

"Now, that's business," exclaimed the purchaser. "If this meat is all right, that lets the butcher off. Let this be a warning to you," shaking her finger at the proprietor, "and here's your money."

When the old lady had walked proudly out, the meat market man gave away a quarter of veal for a pound of steak, and finally went around the corner to quiet his nerves and take something to draw the blood from his perspiring and quivering face.

Suffering Monkeys.

[Youth's Companion.]

A member of the staff of The Companion, while traveling through a tropical forest in Central America, thoughtlessly shot one of the monkeys which are numerous there, and had every occasion to be alarmed at the demonstrations which followed his act. The whole company made threats of vengeance against him, while one of them deliberately broke off the branch of a tree and made efforts to strike him with it.

The sympathy which monkeys have for those of their kind who are injured is mentioned by many naturalists.

Certain female monkeys kept by Brehm, in north Africa, died from grief consequent on the death of their young.

An instance is also narrated in which a female monkey having been shot, the leader of the troop came to the door of the tent and mourned for the body, after indulging in a series of threatening gestures. The body was given him, and thereafter he retreated, bearing it away, with every expression of sorrow, in his arms.

The Gibbons are said to attend carefully to injured companions, but take no notice of dead friends. A monkey has also been known to extend a cord to another which had fallen overboard from a vessel.

There are many instances indeed which indicate both great reasoning power and great kindness on the part of these interesting little creatures.

Bismarck and Lord Odo Russell.

[New York Graphic.]

Lord Odo Russell, while calling upon Prince Bismarck, a short time ago, asked him how he managed to rid himself of that class of unfortunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to their company.

"Oh," replied the chancellor. "I have a very simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and, when she sees they are with me, she generally contrives to come in and calls me away upon some pretext or other."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the princess put her head in at the door, and said:

"Otto, you must come and take your medicine. You ought to have had it ten minutes ago."

Wild Pigs in the New Hebrides.

[Chicago Herald.]

A long letter from the New Hebrides says that this is a dry season, two tons of maize per hectare (two and a half acres), but the immense number of wild pigs makes cultivation impracticable without pigs-proof fences. By one shot at night thirty at least were put to flight, passing almost between the shooter's legs, who was so dazed that he made no second shot. The country is described as fabulously fertile, well watered and specially adapted for growing sugar cane.

It takes about eight tons of iron to make the wheels, axles, bolts, nuts, etc., of an ordinary freight car.

Every fifth Mormon is a polygamist.

How a Pig Made a President.

[Boston Globe.]

About this time in knots about the sunny corners and around depots and hotels, when political stories are in order, you will occasionally hear some old stager remark that "a pig once made Andrew Jackson president." It was never my fortune to meet one who could remember how it came about, but in a copy of The American Traveler for December 19, 1828, being volume IV., No. 50, I find all the particulars, which I copy for the benefit of the Society for the Perpetuation of Old Stories.

It appears that away back in the early dawn of the nineteenth century, in the town of Cranston, R. I., Mr. Somebody's pig smelt a cabbage in a neighbor's garden—he rooted through the fence and demoralized said garden—the garden owner sued the pig's proprietor—James Burrill was the prosecuting attorney—the prosecuting attorney was a candidate for the United States senate—the senator was chosen by the state legislature—in that body there was a tie, occasioned by the absence of one of Burrill's party, who stayed away on account of the lawsuit aforesaid—the said tie was unravelled by the casting vote of the speaker in favor of Burrill's opponent, Jeremiah B. Howell—Jeremiah voted for the war which James would not have done—the war was made by a majority of one in the national senate—the war made Gen. Jackson popular—that popularity gave Jackson the presidency.

The Landlord's Verdict.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Actors are proverbially interested in the criticisms uttered upon their performances. An amusing story in regard to this is told of the elder Mathews, who upon one occasion played "Richmond" to a friend's "Richard III," and, as they were both good fencers, they fought the fight at the end with uncommon vigor, and prolonged it somewhat unnecessarily.

After the performance the two stars lighted each other to their inn, in the hope of liberal applause from the landlord, to whom they had presented a ticket. But, though thus handsomely treated, their host sat silent, and even when invited to join them in a glass and smoke, he maintained the same attitude of absolute quiet, till at length, finding that every circuitous approach to the subject was hopeless, Mathews attacked him with the direct question. "Pray," said he, "how did you like our acting?" This question so put was not to be evaded. The landlord looked perplexed, his eyes sought the ground. He at length slowly took his pipe from his mouth, drained his glass, went to the fireplace and deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe, then, looking at the expectants for a moment, he exclaimed, in a deep but hasty tone of voice, "Darned good fight," and left the room.

Webster's Spelling-Book.

[Magazine of American History.]

Although the Webster Spelling-Book is not so common in the New England and middle states as it was thirty years ago, and in many places has entirely disappeared, the trade in it does not abate. As long ago as 1847 the claim on the cover was "one million copies are annually sold," and precisely the same claim is made by its publishers to-day. But the great bulk of the edition now, I think, goes to the south and west. The aggregated sales from the beginning of its publication down to date amount to the astonishing number of 75,000,000 million copies.

The hundredth birth-year of a school book, still in successful life, is not an ordinary affair. But this year the friends of Webster's Spelling-Book can celebrate that anniversary. Few among those that are now happening are more worthy of honor.

But what pleasant memories remain with those who long ago studied Webster's Spelling-Book! The very pages in their precise form are pictured for us on indelible tablets. It was a great triumph when the young student got to "Baker," for it was the first step away from monosyllables. But it seemed like a long road to him before he would get to "immateriality" and "incomprehensibility." How or when he was to do it seemed incomprehensible enough then. Those who, in beginning to read, discovered that "She fed the old hen," "Ann can hem my cap," "Fire will burn wood and coal," "A tiger will kill and eat a man," and other similar facts, little thought that in all after life nothing they might learn would ever seem so touching and significant.

Hints to Talkers.

[Chicago Herald.]

If the ministry were better versed in the art of elocution they would undoubtedly make more converts. Writers on that art hold that the end of oratory is to persuade, and that in order to persuade one must be clearly understood. This refers to a clear enunciation of speech. There is perhaps not one minister in fifty, even in cities, where they have all advantages, who speak clearly and distinctly enough to be understood by even their nearest auditors. They may speak loud enough, but the articulation being indistinct, the meaning is lost in the sound.

Aside from the prevalent habit of "ranting," consequent upon emotion, a great many ministers really do not seem to understand that it is necessary to open their mouths to any extent, but "chop off" their words in their great haste to emit the next. This rapid speaking or "telescoping" words makes articulation impossible, to say nothing of the "chopping off" process, which prevents the speaker from being understood, no matter how slow he might speak. To be heard is not always to be understood, and there can be no persuasion or conviction unless the auditor understands what the minister is saying.

Railroad Statistics.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

According to the most recent statistics, by the close of this year the United States will have 115,000 miles of railway, which is 10,000 miles more than all Europe combined. Should we continue building at the present rate, in five years' time we will have more miles of railway than all the rest of the world put together.

The world consumes 3,000,000 tons of tobacco a year.

PASSED INTO MERE MEMORY.

How the Philanthropical Schemes of a Merchant Prince Have Vanished into Air.

[New York Cor. Utica Observer.]

Speaking of names that stand for something with the public, that of Alexander T. Stewart has almost passed into mere memory. Strangely enough, the controllers of his estate did not deem it worth while to keep on their signboards the one word, Stewart, which in the dictionary of popular estimation meant leadership and overshadowing success in the dry goods business. While a half dozen firms in retail trade have retained the original names, with slight modification or none at all, long after their founders were dead, and no successors in their families were left, the remains of the Stewart concern do not bear so much as an inscriptive reminder of the great merchant. Not only are strange names painted over the doors of the block square warehouse, but the color of the structure has just been changed from white olive, thus apparently reducing it greatly in size, so different is the effect of glaring white and a subdued color.

Nor is it believed that Stewart's name will be much more permanently retained in those projects of benevolence which he planned. His widow is infirm in person and purpose in her old age, and necessarily leaves to others the carrying out of those projects which her husband entrusted wholly to her. The Women's hotel, which he built in Fourth avenue at the cost of $1,000,000, but died before seeing it opened as a home for working women, with prices barely covering the cost of maintenance—that was the intention—is now the Park Avenue hotel.

"What would be your price for the board of myself, wife, 4-year-old child and nursemaid?" was asked of the manager.

"Eighty-five dollars a week, if you remain the whole season," was the reply.

That shows how completely philanthropy has been excluded from the house. Stewart intended that the occupants should be worthy poor women at $3 to $5 a week. Now it is a high-priced hotel on a strictly commercial basis.

Attention has been drawn this week to the second and greater of Stewart's philanthropic projects. He bought 10,000 acres over on Long Island, whereon he founded Garden City, in which was to be gathered an industrial population. He built a hundred trial dwellings, laid out miles of streets, put in water mains, sewers and gas pipes, and then died; at which point the grand plan stopped short in its process of realization. It is true that the erection of a Protestant Episcopal cathedral has been continued, though very sluggishly, and that the school, which was a feature of the scheme, has at last been opened; but nobody looks for much more. The needless delay of years is regarded as a precursor of failure, just as the trial of the hotel for women was made abortive. After the elimination of charity from Garden City, a strictly business character will be given to the enterprise. This is a prediction which you may as well accept as a certainty.

The Origin of the Word "Mississippi."

[Magazine of American History.]

The Mississippi itself is a good instance of the variations through which these names have passed. Its original spelling, and the nearest approach to the Algonquin word, "the father of waters," is Meche Sebe, a spelling still commonly used by the Louisiana Creoles. Tonti suggested Miche Sepe, which is somewhat nearer to the present spelling. Father Laval still further modernized it into Michispi, which another father, Labatt, softened into Misisipi, the first specimen of the present spelling. The only changes since have been to overload the word with consonants. Marquette added the first and some other explorer the second "s," making it Mississipi, and so it remains in France to this day, with only one "p." The man who added the other has never been discovered, but he must have been an American, for at the time of the purchase of Louisiana the name was generally spelt in the colony with a single "p."

No Brigands in Spain.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

What a spot for brigands! I thought of this and clasped my $3 silver watch, after the example of Washington Irving, to my jealous bosom. But the fact is there are no brigands in Spain now. Twenty years ago the country was insecure, and abductions for ransoms were not infrequent. Now such crimes are unknown. Good highroads have been constructed. The guardas civilis, or policemen, consist of army veterans, picked men, noted for high moral traits and physical pre-eminence. No finer constabulary exists anywhere. These patrol the highway. Better security than all, Spain has railways—not in these parts particularly, but generally throughout the kingdom. Spain is not progressing rapidly, but it is progressing.

Great Edifices Abroad.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

In Paris the law forbids the erection of houses more than five stories high; hence there are none of the eight and ten story buildings in the French capital, which are so numerous in New York. In English cities these great edifices are forbidden on the ground that no land owner has a right to exclude his neighbor from the light and air.

Legal Sagacity.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"My son," said a Chicago father, "I have just made my will, and left all my property to you, with Smith as executor."

The smart youth replied:

"Then change it. Leave all the property to Smith, and make me the executor if you want me to enjoy any of it."

Arkansaw Traveler: A man's awkward shape ain't no argument agin his 'preciation ob de finer pints ob life. A ole black bear ain't putty, but he's powerful fon' ob honey.

AT COPENHAGEN.

A Description of Denmark's Charming Capital.

[Cor. Boston Advertiser.]

The approach to Copennagen from the sea is picturesque. Situated on the sound, the water highway between the Baltic and the North sea, it is covered with hundreds of sail passing in and out the great thoroughfare, which at Elsinore is not more than two and a quarter miles in width. The entire shore between Copenhagen and Elsinore is made accessible for a fine road, along which villages and villas are located, run close by the sea, the distance being twenty-five or thirty miles. Upon this road is situated Charlottenbund, a royal palace and park, consisting of eighty acres, and the Jægersborg Dore Have, or deer park, of 4,200 acres, in the southern part of which, upon some 2,800 acres of magnificent beech forests, vast herds of stags, red deer and fallow deer may be seen grazing in its glades or lying down under the welcome shade.

Copenhagen, although darting from the twelfth century, wears, comparatively speaking, a modern aspect, owing somewhat to the extensive fires that have devastated it, for in 1728, 1,640, houses were destroyed in 1795, 950, and in 1807, 905 were laid in ruins by the English bombardment. The city consists of two parts—Copenhagen proper, on the island of Sealand, and Christianshavn, on the island of Amager. The streets are exceedingly well paved, and are kept clean in a way to put Boston to shame. The people are cheerful, and appear to be occupied about their own affairs, although courteous to the wants of a stranger.

The cab service is excellent, and to an American the charges judiciously low, being for a course in the city about 18 cents for each person, and by the hour 42 cents. The cabs carry four passengers, and are obliged to carry a tariff-book in sight. Horse-cars traverse the city in every direction, sporvel, or stations, being established at convenient points, between which the fare, 10 ere, or about 2½ cents, is paid, thus making the cost of riding short distances about half what is with us. Letter boxes about the city for the collection of letters have an excellent arrangement in the form of a dial, which the postman collecting sets to the hour when he next visits the box. The postage of letters, "without respect of size and weight, within the city itself and precincts," is about 1½ cents.

The Scandinavians are fond of bathing, and the bath houses abound in every direction. There being little or no tide in the Baltic, permanent houses, with every convenience for private or public bathing are erected. Everywhere the police regulations seem to be perfect. The cost of living is reasonable. Excellent rooms, with light and attendance, can be had at the hotels for 85 cents and upward per diem, the "European plan" for board being unusual.

Lightning-Rod Profits.

[Exchange.]

"I have seen the time when I could make $50 a day putting up lightning-rods. Drive up to a house and talk with a man about rodding his barn, at so much a foot, and he would figure that it would cost, say, $16, and he would sign an order. Before the ink was cold I would have seven or eight men, with ladders, all over that barn. They would go over it like cats on a back fence, put points on every corner and conductors down every side. The farmer and his family would look on in amazement, and be so pleased at the improved look of the old barn that they would not kick at the number of points. Then we would go off without collecting the bill, and in about a week our collector would come along with a bill for $387.47, and the farmer's note all signed, and demand the pay. The farmer might faint away, but he had to pay it. Oh, of course, if he seemed hurt, we would throw off the odd cents, just to show a Christian spirit. But the condemned newspapers have kept talking about highway robbery under the disguise of lightning-rod peddlers until it is as much as a man's life is worth to go through the country on a lightning-rod wagon. Actually, they chased me out of Dodge county two years ago with dogs. At least I thought they were after me, but I found out after I got out of the county alive that it was a pack of hounds belonging to Van Brunt, of Horicon, after a fox. But I want to say to you in confidence, that when I heard those hounds and saw the men on horseback no streak of greased lightning ever made better time than I did with that lightning-rod wagon."

Getting Out Vermont Marble.

[Herbert Tuttle in Harper's Magazine.]

The final rupture between a block and its ancient bed is an interesting process. Let us suppose the two cuts to be made, one nearly vertical, and the other, or horizontal one, at right angles to it, and both one or two feet deep. A series of wedges is then inserted into the openings, and a man with a heavy hammer goes along tapping them lightly one after another. As they are driven in, the men listen sharply for the effect, the crack gradually widens, the great mass of stone begins to heave and swell under the strain, the quick ear of the experts detect the critical moment, and a simultaneous blow on all the wedges throws the monster loose. Now and then, of course, a failure is made, and a block splits in two. But the judgment of the workmen is singularly correct, and the block is generally thrown out in its full integrity.

Ingersoll on Interviewing.

[Inter Ocean.]

I tell you what you reporters ought to do. You ought to make out a regular list of questions and have them so that the man you are to interview could write out his answers below the questions. When I was in New York, I'll tell you what a reporter for a Brooklyn paper did. He came to me and in one hour and a quarter took down in short hand what I had to say and made out not less than six columns of matter. I read a proof of it, and did not make but one correction, I believe.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 28, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

☞ A VISIT ☜

This time of the year to Whitmer & Co's CENTRAL SUPPLY, or "THE FAIR," at Spring Mills, is the correct thing. It will both please and pay you.

G. R. S. & Co., WHITMER & Co.
Spring Mills

D. GARMAN & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Dealers in White Goods,
Notions,
Gents Furnishing Goods.
Black Cashmeres a specialty.

28jun tf It will pay you to call

Muslins at Garmans. 3

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon.....	7.05	9.40	1.50	6.00	7.55
Lewisburg, ar..	1.15	9.55	2.00	6.10	8.05
Lewisburg, lv..	7.25	10.05	2.15		
Fair Ground...	7.30	10.13	2.20		
Biehl.....	7.40	10.27	2.30		
Vicksburg.....	7.45	10.36	2.36		
Mifflinburg.....	8.00ar.	11.00	2.50		
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00		le3.00		
Milmont.....	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton.....	8.33		3.40		
Coburn.....	9.48		5.00		
Spring Mills, ar	10.15		ar.5.30		

Leave Eastward.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.		P.M.	P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50		1.50	
Coburn.....		6.18		2.20	
Laurelton.....		7.30		3.40	
Milmont.....		7.40		3.52	
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	4.15	
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00	11 45	4.15	
			P.M.		
Vicksburg...		8.15	12.10	4.32	
Biehl.....		8.20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground		8.30	12.33	4.48	
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35	12.40	4.55	P.M.
Lewisburg, lv. 6.35		8.45	12.50	5.10	7.30
Montandon ar. 6.45		ar.9.00	ar.1.05	ar.5.20	ar.7.40

LOCAL ITEMS.

Muslin at a sacrifice at Garmans. *

——L.—The army of the United States consists of 2,162 officers and 23,024 men.

We defy competition—Garmans. *

——According to the almanac winter begins Dec. 21, 10.32 evening. We kinder think it jumped the track and gave us a large slice week before last.

Silk velvet plushes, largest stock and lowest price, at the Beehive. 2

——Mr. Jonathan Kreamer, of Millheim, is failing fast.

Our prices are the lowest—Garmans. *

——The bridge being finished where will Belleforters loaf now? For sake of change might go down and look up, having looked "down" so long.

——There was nothing done at court last week. Judge Kockafeller, of Northumberland, was on the bench, and the cases to be tried were of a nature to require the presence of a number of county surveyors, who were absent as witnesses at U. S. court, in Pittsburg.

——In the yard in front of our sanctum there is a dandelion with a fresh, yellow flower, smiling right up into our window—and yet this is not "spring, gentle spring," still we welcome the stranger.

——Holiday goods in immense variety will soon be received by Dinges & Rearick at Centre Hall, and Dinges, Vonada & Co., at Coburn. Go and see their assortment about Dec. 18.

Hundreds of letters from those using Ayer's Hair Vigor attest its value as a restorer of gray hair to its natural color. As a stimulant and tonic, preventing and often curing baldness, and cleansing and soothing the scalp, its use cannot be too strongly recommended.

The only son of Governor Pattison, a bright little boy of some five years, died on 20th, of membraneous croup. The Governor and his excellent wife have the sympathy of everybody in this their sad affliction.

Doll & Mingle have distanced all in the race for elegance, variety, and cheapness in boots and shoes. It is beyond question headquarters for genuine goods, and they never hesitate to guarantee every article sold.

A boiler exploded in a saw mill in Jackson twp., Lycoming county, the other day, killing J. Huff, Charles Riggs and Nath. Ridout, and wounding Jas. Campbell, A. Reed, Grant Huff, L. Moyer and John Pepperman. The mill was completely wrecked.

A geological survey of that part of Huntingdon county lying west of Broad Top mountain has just been completed by Prof. J. C. White, of the University of West Virginia, under the direction of the State Geologist. This territory embraces the coal and much of the iron of the county. Professor White was about four months in making the survey.

——Camp's, Centre Hall, is the place for first class furniture and low prices. Any thing you want on hand, or made to order on short notice, and all goods sold guaranteed.

——Ladies always go to Doll & Mingle's when in need of an elegant and stylish shoe, because they keep everything in their line worth having, and sell for less money than others.

Fancy dress goods at 8c at Garmans. *
Dry goods at Garmans. 3

The Union church (Lutheran and Reformed) at Farmer's Mills, after having undergone a thorough remodeling, will be re-dedicated to the service of God, on Sunday, Dec. 9. Ministers from abroad will do the preaching. All neighboring pastors are cordially invited to be present as well as the public generally. The usual "begging" process will not be observed. W. E. FISCHER,
S. M. ROEDER.

——The fine weather of Friday to Sunday was followed by rain on Monday. Tuesday and Wednesday fine but cool air.

Fancy goods at Garmans, *

MADISONBURG ITEMS.

Daniel Roush shot the first wild turkey of the season, last Friday morning; it weighed 24½ pounds. Dan knows how to shoot them. The protracted meeting at Yearick's church is still in progress. We are glad to say that some of the old dilapidated board-walks about town are being torn up and new ones taking their place. The death of W. H. Rishel, at one o'clock, Nov. 17, came very unexpected to his family and friends. Mr. Rishel was in a feeble state of health for several years, owing to an affection of his lungs. His standing in the community was fully shown on the day of his burial, when an immense throng of people followed him to his final resting place in the M. E. cemetery; he was nearly 36 years old. May he rest in peace. X.

A disastrous forest fire is now raging on Jack's mountain, in the vicinity of Mill Creek, and extends almost to Allenville, a distance of nine miles. About 5,000 cords of wood and a like number of cords of bark, belonging to the Hon. R. B. Foust and Dr. A. R. McCarthy, were destroyed. The fire extends over an area of several thousands acres of valuable timber land, and it is supposed to have been started by hunters camping on the mountain. Joseph Straight, who had built a house on the mountain preparatory to making a clearing, had his home destroyed, his family barely escaped with their lives.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Bartges, Madisonburg's merchant, favored our sanctum with a call. Mr. W. W. Spangler, of Potter, looked in on us, t'other day. Miss Bradley, of Bellefonte, spent an hour in our sanctum, the other day. Miss B. had contracted a severe cold, which put a stop to her "hellowing" from the exchange for a week; we are pleased to know she is fit for duty again. Mrs. B. F. Arney called to see how newspapers are printed.

——Court began on Monday, Judge Hoy presiding, assisted by associate judge Smith. Associate judge Larimer was also in court, but did not occupy his seat, his health being still too feeble for the duties of his position. Judge Hoy's demeanor is becoming and dignified, and we predict he will become a popular judge. Ellis Hosterman, of Potter, was appointed foreman of the grand jury. A horse-stealing case occupied Tuesday.

Go to Graham & Son's shoe store for driving boots, driving shoes, calf and kip boots, Buffalo laced boots, gum boots, lumbermen's gum shoes, ladies' and gent's fine calf and kip shoes. This is the best and cheapest place to buy boots and shoes in town. Custom work a specialty.

——Reed Alexander has purchased the Dutweiler farm, south of Millheim, 170 acres, at $52.50 per acre.

——Dinges & Rearick are doing a rushing trade at the Pennsvalley bargain store. Their stock of goods embraces all in the line of general merchandise, and their prices are below any in the county. Give them a trial and you will be satisfied their store is headquarters for cheap goods and that they pay the highest prices for all kinds of produce.

"Oh, my back!" is a common exclamation and expresses a world of misery and suffering. It is singular this pain arises from such various causes. Kidney diseases, liver complaints, wasting affections, colds, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, and nervous debility are chief causes. When thus ailing seek prompt relief. It can be found best in Brown's Iron Bitters. It builds up from the foundation by making the blood rich and pure. Leading physicians and ministers use and recommend it. It has cured many, and if you are a sufferer try it.

The Bellefonte marble works take the lead for handsome tombstones and monuments. While all work turned out there is first class there is no establishment that charges less or as low as is charged at the above shops. Mr. Stover, the proprietor, is a gentleman in every respect.

Flanel and muslin at the lowest price, at Garmans.

DR. KESSLER'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH COUGH MEDICINE.

The reliable and never failing standby in croup and whooping cough unequaled as a remedy in colds and all lung troubles. Do not waste time and money and endanger precious lives experimenting with worthless medicines, but get the best at once.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

McDonald's improved liver pills are indorsed by eminent physicians and used by them in their daily practice. Trial package free.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

For smallness of dose, easiness to take and effectiveness as a worm destroyer McDonald's celebrated worm powders surpass any vermifuge on earth. Entirely vegetable.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

Dr. Kessler's cough medicine, McDonald's improved liver pills and celebrated worm powders are sold and warranted by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall, and all druggists and dealers in medicines.

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia, agents.

Black dress-goods at Garmans. *

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
26aprtf

PENN HALL ITEMS.

We are all pleased with the good prospects that our railroad will be completed to Bellefonte at an early day. Tell it abroad.—The train of the L. & T. R. R. was on time one morning last week. Mr. Sam'l Wolf, who is 93 years of age, walked to Penn Hall, a distance of three miles, last week, to procure some winter apples. J. B. Fisher received a car load of old corn from Indianapolis which was put in the mill at Farmer's Mills for chop. Fisher, Moyer and Weaver have returned home after a week's hunt in the Seven mountains, all safe—no one hurt. They report deer plenty but the weather too warm to bring them home. J. W. Bartges, a traveling salesman, is preparing to go to work in earnest. Prof. D. M. Wolf and Jas G. Evans and wife have taken possession of their new mansion and are now comfortable. The wife of Adam Grenoble is seriously ill. Mr. and Mrs. Grenoble, of Altoona, are here visiting their parents. The mumps are prevailing here to a considerable extent; the school children are much alarmed. Gregg twp. schools, 12 in number, are now in working order and will report much good work. Prof. W. A. Krise has charge of the Penn Hall schools; he meets with good success. Hall! my time is up; I must get my lessons. Mr. Editor, I presume you think I was getting out long lessons since my last items. NEWS BOY.

MAKE $20 FOR CHRISTMAS.

The publishers of "Rutledge's Monthly" offer twelve valuable rewards in their Monthly for December, among which is the following:

We will give $20 to the person telling us how many verses there are containing but three words each in the Old Testament Scriptures by December 10th, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be sent to the winner December 15th. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the January Monthly, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUB. COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

A possible future "dark horse" for the presidency has made his appearance. He is a bouncer, and some eight days old, and his voice can be heard in the premises of prothonotary Harper, at Bellefonte.

We dropped in the Music store of Bunnel & Aikens and were astonished to see the fine line of goods they have in stock. We know of no place where a nicer lot of wedding presents and Christmas presents are to be found. Indeed you will find goods to suit any one and so reasonable in price too. It is worth while to drop in as we did and see what a variety they have. They have also on hand about 80 organs and say that during the holidays they are going to give great bargains—a fine organ for $60. As this firm buys largely for cash they are prepared to give the best of bargains. It will pay you to call. We are sure you can do as well there as any where in the state.

The Missionary Aid Society, of the Reformed church at Centre Hall, will celebrate the second anniversary of its organization on the evening of Thanksgiving, 29. Rev. Witmer, of Mifflinburg, will be present and deliver an address. He is expected to bring with him his Japanese curiosities. We anticipate an interesting meeting. All are invited.

AGGIE M. MURRAY, Secretary.

——Eckenrode's store, at Pleasant Gap, was noticed to be on fire when opened on Tuesday morning. The fire had been smouldering on the dry-goods side during the night, and want of air prevented it from going into flames. Most of the dry-goods were destroyed.

—— Ambrose Haines has purchased the farm of his father, John Haines, near Woodward, for $4000.

——Mr. Alfred Hosterman, of near this place, has purchased one of John Rishel's farms, about one mile east of Centre Hill.

——The law-card of Judge Orvis will be found in another column. The Judge is the "youngest" member of the Centre county bar, yet needs no introduction from the REPORTER.

Smith's German Olio is peculiarly efficacious in cases of chronic rheumatism of long standing.

——Will the railroad be made? it looks like it, and there are promises in that direction, and if the people are deceived there is one consolation in knowing that a part of the money can be gotten back by purchasing clothing at the Philad. Branch. On every suit you buy from Lewins & Co. you can save from $5 to $10 compared with prices at other stores. Now it is worth while to patronize the Philad. Branch under such inducements. The goods there are warranted first class, and should an article be found different, any loss will be made up. The Philad. Branch does business only on honest principles, and is determined that every man shall go away satisfied that he has the full worth of his money, and more for it than any other clothing house will give. These are facts attested by any customer of Lewins & Co.

12c muslin for 9c at Garmans. 3

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1883.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past 12 months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all THE SUNS printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense, wisdom, sound doctrine, and sant wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square, and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same trip of intelligence would girdle the globe 27 or 28 times.

If every buyer of a copy of THE SUN during the past year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences, which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of all the world without waste or words and in the most readible shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the republican party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

Terms to Mail Subscribers.

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:

DAILY, 50 cents a month; $6 a year; with Sunday edition, $7.

SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, especially articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary views of new books of the highest merit. $1 a year.

WEEKLY—$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of great value, special market reports, and literary, scientific and domestic intelligence make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10 an extra copy free. Address, I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,
14nov6t THE SUN, N. Y. City.

Cotton flanels from 6c to 18 cts. at Garmans, *

Dress goods, an immense stock, at panic prices, at the Beehive. 2

1884.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 Pages. Suited to Boys and Girls of from Six to Sixteen Years of Age.

Vol. V. commences November 6, 1883.

"Harper's Young People" is the best weekly for children in America.—Southwestern Christian Advocate.

All that the artist's skill can accomplish in any way of illustration has been done, and the best talent of the country has contributed to its text.—New England Journal of Education, Boston.

In its special field there is nothing that can be compared with it.—Hartford Evening Post.

TERMS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Per Year, Postage Prepaid,	$1 50

Single numbers, Five Cents each.

Specimen copy sent on receipt of Three Cents.

The Volumes of "Harper's Young People" for 1881, 1882 and 1883, handsomely bound in illuminated Cloth, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $3 each. Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Fancy goods at Garmans. 3

CONDENSED NEWS.

Monday, November 19.

Gov. Ludlow has declined to reprieve John Chisholm, the Newark (N. J.) convicted wife murderer. He will hang next Thursday.

Frederick M. Ker, the defaulting clerk of Preston, Kean & Co., of Chicago, has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia has arrived at Genoa en route to Spain. He was warmly received by the German residents.

The Fenian Brotherhood will celebrate the sixteenth anniversary of the execution of the "Manchester martyrs" on Friday evening next at Cooper Institute, New York.

Tuesday, November 20.

Eli B. Bennett, for fifty two years town treasurer of Norwalk, Conn., died yesterday of apoplexy.

In the Garlington court of enquiry to-day Lieut. Colwell testified that Lieut. Garlington overruled his advice to push on to the Yantic.

The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway viaduct, over the Mississippi at St. Anthony, has been completed. It is the first stone bridge over the Mississippi.

Hon. Addison G. Rice, well known through out New York state as a lawyer and for his efforts for the union cause during the rebellion, died at Buffalo this morning.

The first National bank, of Manasquan, N. J., was opened to-day. The capital is $50,000. A new brick building has been erected for its use and time locks placed in it vaults.

Wednesday, November 21.

Gen. A. P. Martin has been nominated for mayor of Boston.

Gen. Alex. Dodge is considered by his physicians to be in a dying condition and is likely to pass away at any moment.

A strike among English coal operatives seems inevitable. The movement will probably involve not fewer than 150,000 colliers.

Secretary Folger has instructed Special Agent B. H. Hinds to investigate the Riverdale disaster at New York and to hold public sessions during his inquiry.

The jury in the case of William Porter, on trial for the murder of John Walsh in "Shang" Draper's saloon, New York, on the morning of October 16, brought in a verdict of acquittal.

Thursday, November 22.

The Irish secret societies of New York state are in session at Syracuse, N. Y.

A Mr. McWilliams, of Waterford township Pa. found himself in the embrace of his dead wife when he awoke in the morning.

Policeman Ryan, of New York, instantly killed Charles Brady, a well known thief, in a scuffle while attempting to arrest him.

The bodies of Mrs. and Miss Maybee, victims of the Brookville murder, have been buried. There is as yet no clue to the murder.

The Massachusetts republican state central convention entertained Governor-elect Robinson at a banquet in celebration of their victory at Young's hotel, Boston.

At Erie, Pa., a horrible accident occurred to a well known farmer named Lavery. In endeavoring to rescue his family from his burning residence he was so fearfully burned that recovery is impossible.

Richard Simmons was shot through the head at Valledega, Ala., and killed while seated at the table eating breakfast with his family. The assassin fired the shot through a window and made his escape. There is no clue.

Friday, November 23.

A. C. Culver's livery stable at Lima, O. has been burned. Loss, $8,000.

The Morning Call, a new republican daily will make its first appearance at Lafayette Ind., on December 1. Joseph Cox and brother are at the head of the venture.

R. H. Holbrook, of Springfield, Vt., left New York on Thursday, the 15th instant for Springfield, Mass., since which time nothing has been heard of him. He had $1,000 on his person.

A general court martial has been ordered to meet at Fort Snelling, Minn., December 6, next, for the trial of Capt. Chambers McKibben, Fifteenth Infantry, on charge of duplicating his pay accounts.

An extensive cave in has occurred near Logan colliery, about 700 yards in length and 600 yards in width, along the main line of the Lehigh Valley railroad. The entire tract is endangered, and a large amount of property jeopardized.

Insurance Commissioner Tarbox has formally revoked the license of the Union Mutual insurance company of Maine to do business in Massachusetts, on the ground that the company refused to allow free access to its book and papers or to submit to an examination.

Saturday, November 24.

James & Co., merchants and contractors, of Manchester, Eng., have failed. Their liabilities are $550,000.

A steam pipe in the Havemeyer sugar refinery in Jersey City burst, fatally scalding John Schultz, a workman.

Andrew Taylor was hanged at Loudon, Tenn., for the murder of Sheriff Cote. He was perfectly indifferent and died like a brute.

Greenwood, the condemned murderer, Phipps, the wife murderer, and another prisoner have escaped from the Sandwich, Ont., jail.

Commodore Temple is ordered, as president of the general court martial, to meet at Boston for the trial of Capt. Johnson, Lieut. Stone and other officers.

Charles J. Jones, a wealthy Dorchester, Mass., grain dealer, has mysteriously disappeared with a large sum of money. It is feared he has met with foul play in some saloon.

Killed in a Cyclone.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 24.—Additional particulars of the great storm of Wednesday from Lacrosse says Witt's hotel and academy, one of the largest in the states, were leveled to the ground, besides four stores, the contents of which were blown away. Three persons here were killed. Miss Sheffield and Mr. John M. Hunkle were killed at Melbourne.

Wonderful Chess Playing

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Dr. J. H. Zukertort, the great chess player, played simultaneously against eight of the strongest members of the Manhattan Chess club, with his back turned so that he could see none of the boards. The play lasted five hours. The doctor won four games and lost two and two were drawn.

Entitled to Her Seat in the Board.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 24.—The supreme court has decided that Mrs. Clasa Leonard is legally a member of the state board of health and charities. Gov. Butler endeavored to have her removed on the ground that she was not legally a member.

A Valuable Official Seriously Ill.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—Joseph H. Blackfan, for the past twenty five years superintendent of foreign mail bureau of the post-office department, was taken seriously ill with congestion of the lungs, and is in a critical condition.

PENNSYLVANIA'S PARADISE.

Lancaster county can certainly turn out more horse thieves, burglars and highway robbers to the square mile than can be found on all the coach roads in the far West, including Texas and throwing in a few hundred brigands from sunny Italy.—Philad. *News.*

Rather rough on the old Republican stronghold.

Sergeant Mason, the guard who tried to shoot Guiteau, has been pardoned by the President.

Christmas goods at Garmans. 3

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 11oct6m I. J. GRENOBLE.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a valuable homestead at private sale, situated about two miles west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewistown road, consisting of a HOUSE, bank-barn, wagon-shed, outbuildings, 11 acres of ground, with the choicest of all kinds of fruits, and an excellent well of water. The land is in a good state of cultivation, adjoining the Van Valzah farm, near the Brushvalley road.

28nov3m WM. W. HORNER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

1884.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Harper's Weekly" stands at the head of American illustrated weekly journals. By its unpartisan position in politics, its admirable illustrations, its carefully chosen serials, short stories, sketches and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day, it carries instruction and entertainment to thousands of American homes.

It will always be the aim of the publishers to make "Harper's Weekly" the most popular and attractive family newspaper, in the world, and, in the pursuance of this design, to the present a constant improvement in all those features which have gained for it the confidence, sympathy and support of its large army of readers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S WEEKLY	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the "Weekly" begin with the first number of January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the number next after the receipt of order.

The last Four Annual Numbers of "Harper's Weekly," in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, or by express free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed $1 per volume), for $7 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders or draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1884.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Harper's Bazar" is at once the most brilliant and useful Household Journal in existence. It is the acknowledged arbiter of fashion in this country. Its fashion plates are the newest and most stylish; and its pattern sheet supplements and economic suggestions alone are worth many times the cost of subscription. Its illustrations of art needlework are from the best sources, its literary and artistic merits are of the highest order. Its stories, poems, and essays are of the first American and European authors. Its choice art pictures would fill portfolios, and its humorous cuts are the most amusing to be found in any journal in America. A host of brilliant novelties are promised for 1884.

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the "Bazar" begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current number.

The last Four Annual Volumes of "Harper's Bazar," in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume) for $7 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on reciept of $1 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1884.

HARPERS' MAGAZINE.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Harper's Magazine" begins its eighty-sixth volume with the December Number. It is the most popular illustrated periodical in America and England, always fully abreast of the times in its treatment of subjects of current, social or industrial interest, and always advancing its standard of literary, artistic, and mechanical excellence. Among its attractions for 1884 are: a new serial novel by Wm. Black, illustrated by Abbey; a new novel by E. P. Roe, illustrated by Gibson and Dielman; descriptive illustrated papers by Geo. H. Boughton, Frank D. Millet, C. F. Farnham and others; important historical and biographical papers; short stories by W. D. Howells, Charles Read, &c.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers of June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current Number.

The last Eight Volumes of "Harper's Magazine" in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $3 per volume. Cloth cases for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid.

Index to "Harper's Magazine," Alphabetical, Analytical and Classified, for Volumes 1 to 60, inclusive, from June, 1850, to June, 1880, one vol., 8vo, cloth, $4.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order or draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address, HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Newport, Perry county, has the champion mean man, who steals an eighty-year old man's stove wood.—Harrisburg *Patriot.* Centreville, Snyder county, lays claim to a meaner man who stole a chicken from an old lady 85 years of age and almost helpless.—Juniata *Herald.*

Horse blankets, bound and stamped, only 75 cents at the Beehive. 2

Farrobes, horse blankets, lap-robes, immense stock just received at the Beehive. 2

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 26, 1883.

(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia.
Corn	Nov.	50½	—50½a16
Wheat	"	97	—1.08¾
Oats	"	30	—38a40
Pork	"	11.85	
Lard	"	8.12½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Grain—Wheat, 1 00; Rye, 60; Oats, 35, Corn, old 60, new 50 by L. L. Brown.

Produce—Butter 30, eggs 30, ham 16, shoulders 14, sides 12½, lard 13, potatoes 60—by Valentines' Store.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 20 to 25 cts. per lb; eggs, 30 to 33 cts. per doz; potatoes, 50c, chickens, 50 to 60 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 75 cts. per gal; corn, 55 cts. per bu; oats, 40 cts. per bu; beans, 15 to 20 cts. per peck; peaches, 25 to 50 cts. per pk; cabbage, 8 to 10 per head apples, 20 to 25c per peck; turnips, 15c per peck; celery, 5 cents per stalk.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red and mix	$1 00
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	60
Corn, shelled, and ears old	60
Oats	35
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 25c; tallow, 6; lard, 12; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 28 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Pea, 3. 25; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.75.

Gents fancy bows, about 50 varieties at Garmans.

Black silk lace and gimps at Garmans

Ladies', children's, and misses' shoes large stock and low prices, at the Beehive. 2

MARRIED

At Centre Hall, Nov. 25, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Levi Pennington, of Potters Bank, and Nancy Moore, of Boals'burg.

J. H. ORVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of First's building. 19oct3

MADISONBURG PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale his valuable homestead at Madisonburg, consisting of one LOT, thereon erected a two-story dwelling HOUSE, summerhouse, carpenter shop, wood shed, and a good stable and other outbuildings. Everything is in first class order, and any one desiring a fine home in town should call and see this property.

7nov2m SAMUEL ZEIGLER.

Bee Hive Stores.

THEY MUST FAIL!

WHAT OUR COMPETITORS AY.

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell Linen Table Spreads at 50 cents,
If we have to pay 75c. for the same in large quantities?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell White Blankets for $1?
When we have to pay $2 for them at wholesale?

Afford to sell White Blankets for $3
When we have to pay $3½ for them at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell White Blankets for $6
When we have to pay $7 for them at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell School bags at 5c.
When we have to pay 15c. at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Sell woolen socks for 20c.
When we have to pay 30c. at wholesale?

It is strange but nevertheless true.

The manufacturers and Importers from whom we buy do not mind this talk, because we

——BUY FOR THE CASH——

And our patrons certainly do not mind it, because they reap the benefit of our sacrifices. We are determined not to be undersold by anybody. We are determined to make the

——BEE-HIVE——

A household word. We are determined to convince our patrons that there is no place in the world where they will receive better and fairer treatment than at the

——BEE-HIVE——

The largest stock of

DRESS GOODS,	SILKS,
VELVETS,	PLUSHES,
FLANELS,	CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHES,	etc., etc.

Between Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

LADIES TAILOR MADE GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

Respectfully yours,
GOLDSMITH BROS.,
31oct Bellefonte, Pa.